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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

We are deeply concerned to record the sudden illness of the King, first announced in the Court Circular of Thursday night as "a severe cold," and then described in a bulletin, issued at 7.30 and signed by Sir Francis Laking, Sir James Reid, and Sir Richard Douglas Powell, as "a severe attack of bronchitis," which had kept the King to his room for two days. "His Majesty's condition," added the bulletin, "causes some anxiety." This grave news is, unfortunately, confirmed by this (Friday) morning's bulletin, signed by five doctors, and worded as follows:—

"The King has passed a comparatively quiet night, but the symptoms have not improved, and his Majesty's condition gives rise to grave anxiety."

The illness appears to have been a revival of the bronchial attack from which the King suffered at Biarritz, and the effects of which were visible on his return to London. Such an illness, with its local difficulties, cannot but excite apprehension; we can only express the universal desire for a favorable course and a fortunate issue.

THE Text of the Veto or Parliament Bill was issued on Saturday. It follows closely the wording of the Resolutions, but there are one or two half-surprises. The preamble is clearly the work of the "Reformers" in the Cabinet; the substance of the Bill that of the Anti-Vetoists. The first declares that it is "intended"

to substitute for the House of Lords a Second Chamber "on a popular instead of an hereditary basis," and hints that, when this body is constituted, the enacting Bill will limit and define its powers afresh. In other words, the limitation of the Veto will be temporary, and a final adjustment of powers will be sought through the plan of a joint sitting. This seems to suggest a somewhat serious diversion of Liberal aims. If the limitation of the Veto is a mere temporary objective, why call on the prerogative to force it through?

* * *

THE Bill itself is simple enough. All Money Bills passed by the House of Commons must be passed by the Lords, without amendment, within a month of being sent up to them, or be carried over their heads. Bills, other than Money Bills, passed by the Commons in three successive sessions, and rejected by the Lords in each of them, are to become law, after a third rejection, and within not less than two years of their first introduction. The Bill provides for the acceptance of agreed amendments by the two Houses after the first rejection—a substitute for the Campbell-Bannerman scheme of conferences. The part played by the Speaker is important. He is to decide whether a Bill is, or is not, a Money Bill, and whether there is substantial identity between the first and the second or third versions of non-Money Bills. His certificate on these points is to be conclusive, and cannot be questioned in a court of law. Finally, the Parliamentary Bill substitutes quinquennial for septennial Parliaments.

* * *

SIR EDWARD GREY delivered an interesting and, on the whole, Radical speech on Wednesday to the Russell and Eighty Clubs at Oxford. He said that the Government had not yet defined what their advice to the Sovereign would be—though we believe it is far more likely to be directed to the creation of new peers than to the withholding of the writ of summons from selected members of the present House of Lords. The Prime Minister had simply said that they would bring the matter to an issue. The Opposition's abuse of the proposed advice to use the prerogative was, said Sir Edward, parallel to the language used against Lord Grey in 1832, when Lord Carnarvon said "it was one of the most atrocious propositions with which a subject had ever attempted to insult the ears of his Sovereign." As to what would follow Ministers' advice to the Crown, whether the Sovereign accepted it or no, the full responsibility rested with them, not with him. There could be no compromise of the Lords' question, for the only compromise suggested was the withdrawal of that House from the scope of the prerogative. He was a two-Chamber man, but the two-Chamber system he wanted meant that the House of Commons should be the superior authority.

* * *

LORD CURZON and Lord Milner—two of the most immoderate men in our politics, and the most responsible for the present crisis—have united in suggesting what they describe as terms of compromising it. Lord Curzon, speaking at Reading on Thursday, ruled out the resort to the prerogative for the creation of peers as a "fantastic dream," and the use of the new peers to

extinguish the old House of Lords as a "performance worthy of Bedlam." "Loathing" the present situation—which he and his like created—and also, it is quite plain, fearing it, he suggested that, at the bidding of some "disinterested person," the two parties should each nominate five of their leading members, with the Speaker of the House of Commons as Chairman, and thresh out a Constitution within six months of work behind closed doors. This is the kind of mindless trifling which produced the act of last November. No conference is necessary. If the House of Lords will accept the second place in the Constitution assigned it under the Veto Bill, all will be well. If it is going to claim the first, it will be fought and beaten.

THE two by-elections which have just been decided show that the Government stands firm in the confidence of the electors. South Edinburgh and the Crewe Division are both constituencies that have gone Tory in days of reaction, but are predominantly Liberal. Neither shows the slightest disposition to go back from its usual faith. South Edinburgh returns Mr. Lyell by a majority only seven smaller than that which gave Mr. Dewar—a very strong and popular Radical—his seat. In Crewe Mr. Maclaren has a majority of 1,598 against one of 2,342, which Mr. Tomkinson secured at the General Election. There has been some loss of industrial votes in Crewe, owing to a shifting of population; and the polls, both here and in Edinburgh, are small. The moral is that the Government have only to keep their following keen and united, in order to win their battle on the Veto. To-day it is quite sound and solid.

THE movement of revolt against Mr. Balfour among Tariff Reformers and Young Tories continues. "The World," which is now controlled by Lord Winterton, declares his leadership to be largely responsible for the success of the coalition; it says that his tactics are purely defensive, and that they blunt the party spirit. The tide of indignation was rising against such featureless chieftainship. The "Morning Post," taking a hint from a meeting of the executive of the National Farmers' Union, which asked for the safeguarding of agriculture under a scheme of Tariff Reform, again protests against Mr. Balfour's policy of letting in Colonial wheat free of the shilling duty proposed by the Tariff Commission. This, said the "Morning Post," would mean a loss of two millions of revenue; and it urges the farmers' organisations to press for a policy of low duties in place of that of free Colonial imports. Clearly the rift between town and country, which ruined the old Fair Trade movement, has opened afresh.

ON Thursday Mr. Roosevelt delivered a suggestive address on peace before the Nobel Prize Commission at Christiania. After praising the "stern and virile virtues," and denouncing the peace which was a "mask for cowardice and sloth," he declared for the setting up a network of arbitral treaties, ensuring the sovereignty and territorial integrity of the contracting parties, and only leaving open cases where the national honor was "vitally concerned." For international reference he would establish a permanent Court of Arbitral Justice, based on the constitution of the Supreme Court of the United States. Thirdly, he would aim at an international agreement to limit armaments, beginning with a limit to the size of ships, which if it had been in force five years ago might have saved the world from its

present plague of "Dreadnoughts." Finally, he would form an international police for enforcing the reign of peace against international criminals. This League of Peace was to spring from the Great Powers, and would be subject to "certain definite limits and certain definite conditions." It would, of course, have to frame a common declaration of complete disinterestedness.

LORD GLADSTONE sailed for South Africa on Saturday as first Governor-General of the Union. He declared to the Southampton Chamber of Commerce that he was proud to take up the work of reconstruction "on the ground so well prepared and splendidly cleared by South Africa's statesmen without distinction of race or party." We think that he will be a popular successor of Lord Selborne. He will be a moderator of party conflict; both white races will be drawn to his unaffected simplicity and warmth of character. He will join readily in the outdoor life of South Africa, and his qualities as an excellent man of business should appeal both to the commercial and the farming communities. The great name he bears adds the final touch of reconciliation to the Liberal policy of self-government and State union.

THE petition against the return of Sir Christopher Furness for Hartlepool has been successful, and Sir Christopher is unseated, although the Judges acquit him of personal responsibility, or even of improper carelessness. Moreover, they expressly legalise two of the practices of which the petitioners complained—the use of a special train to take his son's carriages and horses to Hartlepool for the conveyance of voters, and the use of local "guides" to accompany motor cars in the work of beating up electors. Furthermore, Sir Christopher was allowed to use his secretary as agent without charging for his services in the electoral account, and also to employ some of the firm's clerks on election day on similar terms. The facts on the latter point were not quite clear, but the Judges' findings seem to us to open the door to more laxity.

THE fatal practice at Hartlepool was the organisation by a Mr. Wallace—a ship chandler, in business relations with Messrs. Furness—of a parade of miners from outside the constituency. Over five hundred miners had their railway fares paid—we suppose, by Mr. Wallace—and were supplied with blue ribbons and portraits of Sir Christopher. Some of them had tickets for meals. The Judges treated this parade as an act of intimidation, or influence, and unseated Sir Christopher on account of it, and on the ground that Mr. Wallace took so large a share in the fight that he could fairly be called an agent. The cost, therefore, of the parade ought to have been included in Sir Christopher Furness's return of expenses, and so should have been five pounds' worth of postage. The general finding was that the election was void on the ground of illegal practices, but that there was no corruption.

THE Albanian revolt has reached the stage of serious fighting, but there is still reason to believe that its dimensions are commonly exaggerated. The Turks have retaken the Katchanik Pass after an engagement which lasted only one day. They admit to a casualty list of over 100, and rumor puts the real figures at 500 or 600. But to those who know this narrow gorge, set as it is in country which renders any turning movement extremely difficult, the inference from this success is clear. The Albanians are either less numerous than had been supposed, or they are acting with their usual lack of co-

hesion, or they are very badly led. On the other hand, it is rumored that the rebels have taken the town of Diahova—no difficult feat, since it is one of the most turbulent and anti-Turkish of Albanian towns—and ambushed a detachment of regulars between Diahova and Ipek.

It is also said that the powerful Catholic clan, the Mirdites, has joined the rebels, who are said to be treating even Serbian Christians with forbearance, so little is their rebellion a "reactionary" outbreak. The Turks are said to be burning the villages of the rebels with great severity. The tale which ascribes this movement to that farcical pretender, the Roumanian "Prince" Albert Ghika may be treated as a characteristic Balkan joke. Ghika is an adventurer whose few dupes are all to be found outside Albania. The movement, so far as we know, has no conscious national aim. It is a protest against an over-zealous local bureaucracy.

MAY DAY passed quietly on the Continent, but not without its significant political incidents. In Prussia permission was everywhere refused for processions, in obedience to a circular from the Ministry of the Interior. The motives for this action have, as usual, been frankly avowed. "The Socialists," said Herr von Moltke, "have boasted that they have won the right to the streets. So great a State as Prussia would never let that right be snatched away." In Paris an immense mass meeting was to have been held in the Bois, followed by a procession through the streets to the Place de la Concorde. At the last moment, in a hand-bill headed "Evitons le massacre," the Trade Unionist leaders countermanded both demonstrations. They had, they declared, positive information to the effect that the troops were to be massed in imposing numbers, with instructions to shoot at the slightest provocation or with no provocation at all. M. Briand, being a renegade, was anxious, they declared, to be avenged on his old comrades, and to imitate the glories of M. Clemenceau.

It is hard to say what measure of justification there was for this bitter accusation. M. Briand refused to authorize the procession, though he did not forbid the meeting in the Bois, and he refused to see the organisers of the demonstration. The troops were called out in unprecedented numbers, and Paris all day resembled an armed camp. Precautions so ostentatious and so excessive amount to provocation. The bitterness of the Socialists is natural when one remembers that it is barely five years since M. Briand himself was one of the most popular orators on such occasions.

THE remonstrance which the Chambers of Commerce of Newcastle, Hull, Glasgow and Manchester have addressed to Sir Edward Grey against the suppression of Finnish autonomy, has provoked a bitter attack on English public opinion in the columns of the "Novoe Vremya." Its angry reply, outrageously phrased, with a violence which the worst of our Jingoes would never use even in a polemic against Germany, is, on the whole, a welcome symptom. It means that this protest has been suitably underlined. The "Times" hastens to reassure the Chambers of Commerce, on the ground that there is no present intention in Russia of interfering with the Finnish customs tariff. But we do the Chambers of Commerce the honor of assuming that they used this tariff question only as a text on which to hang their

disinterested protest against the suppression of Finnish liberties.

A MOMENTARY stir has been caused in Germany by the publication of a book, in which Herr Rudolf Martin professes to give the true history of the "Daily Telegraph" interview, and the Kaiser crisis which followed it. On this version, the interview never took place. It was compiled by Prince Bülow at the Foreign Office, and deliberately launched by him. Certain statements in it were, moreover, studiously inaccurate. When the outcry came, Prince Bülow threw the blame on the Kaiser, and manoeuvred elaborately to win support for himself against his master. The Kaiser resented these tricks, but bent to the storm, and reserved his resentment for a later date, when, at last, he accepted Prince Bülow's resignation. The story is, to our thinking, utterly improbable. It is even harder to credit the Kaiser with such weakness than to ascribe to his Minister such perfidy. Moreover, the resignation of Prince Bülow was inevitable when it occurred. Herr Martin is not the less a sensational journalist because he was once an Imperial official.

COMMANDER PEARY has been fêted in this country, and on Wednesday received a gold medal from the Royal Geographical Society, a silver medal being awarded to Captain Bartlett, his British comrade in the conquest of the North Pole, whom he left close to the 88th parallel. The final stage in his task, for which the Commander said he had worked for twenty-three years, was accomplished—according to his clear sketch to the Geographical Society—with no great difficulty. He made from twenty-five to thirty miles a day over the Polar ice, which, fortunately, disclosed no large gaps or "leads." He took a sounding five miles from the Pole through a narrow crack, and found a depth of 1,500 fathoms. The scenery round the Pole presented no special feature. At 89° 25' a dense, lifeless pall hung overhead, while the ice beneath was chalk-white. At the time of his arrival beneath this leaden sky the temperature was 11° Fahr. below zero. The actual scientific results of the expedition seem to be small, but Commander Peary has made a survey of the basin of the Polar Sea.

WE record with much regret the death, at the great age of 84, of Dr. Alexander Maclaren, for fifty years the minister of Union Chapel, Manchester. It is impossible to speak of Dr. Maclaren as a sectarian; he belonged to all the Free Churches of this country, and to the whole religious world. His vocation and pre-eminent gift was that of preaching. He brought to it those qualifications of sincerity, simplicity and directness of style, and a deep and winning affection for the souls of men, without which it is valueless or misdirecting. He was a scholar of genuine and thorough attainment, and his theology might fairly be called liberal, with reserves. The "Manchester Guardian" thus describes his manner in the pulpit:—

"His delivery was measured, deliberate, and never impassioned, but strikingly effective; his voice, though not resonant and at times even harsh, was skilfully modulated, and when it sank almost into a whisper—a whisper, however, which carried into the furthest corner of his own large church—was thrillingly impressive. The personal magnetism of the orator, wielding all the resources of his art with a boldness and a skill which were never allowed to obtrude themselves for a moment, and losing every thought of himself in the greatness of his theme, conveyed it with irresistible force to his hearers."

Politics and Affairs.

THE ART OF PREAMBLING.

THE publication of the text of the Veto Bill, or Parliament Bill, as it is officially designated, is in itself a complete answer to the suggestions of indefiniteness and uncertainty in the plan of the Liberal Party for asserting the supremacy of the House of Commons. The Bill is clear and succinct. It consists of six clauses only, and of these no more than two are of any length. But within this narrow compass it provides adequately, as it appears to us, for, we will not say the Constitutional changes, but the re-definition, which the events of recent years have rendered necessary. Down to 1906 we may take it to have been matter of general agreement that the House of Commons was supreme in the Constitution, that its control of finance was unchallengeable, and that its ultimate authority in legislation, if less capable of precise definition, was in its essence a matter of equal certainty. The history of the intervening four years has shown that it is possible under the forces of our Constitution for an irresponsible Chamber, the members of which cannot be called to account, to act in complete disregard of all understandings, precedents, and traditions, and by making use of the privileges conceded to it by the letter of the law, to push its own prerogative to a point which gravely impairs the position and authority of other elements of the Constitution.

It was clear from an early period that such a position could not be maintained. The day has gone by when the right of self-government could be withdrawn from this country, and a moment like the present, when large classes are more than ever bent on great social reforms, is not the time at which the power of making reforms could be swept away by the irresponsible audacity of an unrepresentative six hundred individuals. Accordingly, the first encroachment of the Lords made it necessary to put into definite shape, and enclose within the four corners of positive law, the vague and uncertain right of checking legislation by the House of Commons which tradition allowed them. After much debate in 1907 the Government of the day came to the conclusion that the essentials of the old system would be conserved if the Lords were definitely assured, but as definitely restricted to, a certain power of delay. This plan, improved on in detail, has been adopted by the present Government and is incorporated in the present Bill.

The further encroachment made by the House of Lords, their assertion of the ultimate authority in finance—an assertion which, if maintained, would have made them at a stroke supreme in the Constitution—has been less difficult to deal with. Liberals of all shades of opinion have been unanimous in deciding that it should be met with a direct and unqualified negative. In matters of finance all Liberals are Single-Chamber men, just as all Conservatives till last year were Single-Chamber men. The only novelty necessitated by the requirement that the financial supremacy of the Commons should be legally secured is the statutory power given to the Speaker of the House of Commons to distinguish

between what is and what is not matter of purely financial concern. We may regret the necessity for establishing such a power in matters of positive law, but we must recognise that once again it is only a crystallisation of the power which the Speaker has long exercised of deciding whether a given amendment of the Lords is or is not a breach of the privileges of the Commons. On the other side of the Bill, more novel and very important powers of definition are indeed extended to the Speaker. It is he who will have to decide whether a Bill sent up in three successive sessions is in fact "the same" Bill or not. We can imagine some very knotty pieces of dialectic arising on this point, and we can picture Mr. Balfour enjoying himself for a whole evening in a disputation with, say, Mr. Haldane, on the question whether the one Bill is the same as another, and what constitutes identity or difference. To commit to any one man the decision on such points is to confer large powers, which will, to say the least, immensely enhance the already great position of the Speaker, and might, though we trust it will not, involve that great office in the toils of partisanship. But such risks as these are part of the price that a country has to pay when an important class proves disloyal to its traditions.

In its working clauses, then, the Veto Bill seems to us to meet the occasion, and to carry out the wishes of the Liberal Party, and of the majority which it commands in the constituencies. The part of the measure to which exception can be taken is the preamble. It is not merely that this introduction, instead of emphasising the necessity of the Bill, as is the way of a preamble, seems rather to apologise for it. It is that the preamble positively suggests that this great constitutional resettlement now proposed is nothing more than a temporary makeshift, a corrugated iron building in which the congregation may worship until the true church is built, but which, in the meanwhile, is scarcely to be allowed the benefit of consecration. At best, it is to be consecrated with faint praises. Our present provision, it tells us, is necessary for dealing with the House of Lords, but there is another Chamber laid up in the heavens, and the powers of this ideal Chamber, when it descends to earth and materialises into a body of 200 elderly experts, will, in turn, require definition. It will, indeed. But why drag in the non-existent? Sufficient for the day are the Second Chambers thereof. Those we have are bad enough. Why cumber ourselves with the troubles which would arise with those which we have not and may never have?

In all seriousness this preamble is, as it stands, in conflict with the Bill which it purports to introduce and explain. There are two schemes for dealing with the Constitutional difficulty which have obtained support. One is to limit the power of the existing Second Chamber. The other is to create a new Second Chamber. These are quite different schemes. They appeal to different minds, they excite different interests. They are not merely different. They tend to be divergent. It is conceivable that if the one were carried through to completion, the other would still be possible. But they cannot be combined in a single measure. Still less can the one change be recommended by arguments

which are in reality adapted to the other. Now it is not abstract preferences but the logic of facts which has driven the Government in 1910, as it drove the Campbell-Bannerman Government in 1907, to adopt the limitation of the Veto, not the reconstitution of the Second Chamber, as the method of solving the Constitutional difficulty. However often they may set their faces in a different direction, we are convinced that the same logic and the same facts will bring them back again to the same point. The clauses of the "Parliament Bill" represent, and will continue to represent, the practical policy of the Liberal Party. The flourishes of the preamble must be attuned to that policy. They must not seem to be heralding a march in quite another direction.

"OUR TRADE OUR POLITICS!"

At a time like this, when every thoughtful citizen is called upon to exercise what Matthew Arnold termed "a disinterested play of consciousness upon his stock of notions and habits," so bold a scheme of electoral reform as that presented to us by "Candidus" is not unworthy of consideration. The purport of his proposal is contained in the title of his pamphlet, "The Reform of the Electorate on the Basis of Professions and Trades in Place of Local Constituencies." His argument runs thus. The modern work of Government through legislation, administration, and finance, is more and more concerned with the economic interests of citizens. Politics, therefore, primarily affects them, not as dwellers in a particular locality, but as members of some particular trade or profession. Here is their true bond of political sympathy and solidarity. Now, our existing electoral methods contain no recognition of this dominant fact. Mere contiguity of residence is no security for any organisation by which the people can obtain true representation of their economic interests. "A rich magnate from the North, who has made wealth by the manufacture of tinplates, will come to the South to solicit the suffrage of those who live in the midst of an agricultural country; of people whose habits, ideals, occupation, and interests wholly differ from those which have formed the man who solicits their representation in Parliament. As well could a Hindoo hope to represent a Yorkshireman! Again, a large landed proprietor, or a pleader at the Bar, will offer himself as a fit candidate to represent the mechanics of Birmingham or the colliers of Newcastle. Such absurdities as these would not be possible in any well-regulated business."

So "Candidus" proposes to impart "reality" to politics by making an occupation basis for constituencies. Every employer or adult worker should be enrolled on the register of some industrial or professional Guild, and in this capacity vote for a member of his Guild Council. Landowners, farmers, and agricultural laborers will be members of the Agricultural Guild, railway directors or employees of a Traffic Guild, teachers of an Education Guild, and so on. These Guilds, in proportion to the numbers of their members, should have Parliamentary representation, their representatives being chosen, not directly

by the whole body of members, but by the Guild Council. But each Guild for this purpose should be divided into two electoral bodies, one representing capital or the employers, the other labor, each to choose its own representatives, so that the legislative body would be equally composed of employers and employed. Local constituencies of the members of each Guild should elect members of the Councils, thus keeping the interests of the local trade groups in touch with the national trade.

But the quaint particularities of the proposal need not detain us, for such plausibility as belongs to it derives from its general premiss that trade is the true basis of political representation. The proposal is, of course, by no means a novel one, and though few would, we think, be prepared to follow "Candidus" in substituting a chamber so elected for the existing House of Commons, we should not be surprised to see it receive attention as a possible basis for a reformed Second Chamber when the time arrives for such a constitutional change. There is, indeed, no validity in the contention that our politics would gain, either in efficiency or honesty, by substituting the trade-bond for the local bond, erecting our electoral system upon the cynical foundations of "Our Trade our Politics." Indeed, the prevalence of this very phrase is sufficient testimony to the fact that commercial and professional interests are already strongly, often dominantly, represented in the elected legislatures of most countries, and often exercise a powerful influence upon the course of government. Would our politics, indeed, be bettered if every member of our legislature took the same view of his public duties as that imputed to the late Mr. Jay Gould in America, who, when asked his politics, replied: "I am a Republican in Republican States, a Democrat in Democratic States, but always an Erie Railroad Man." No doubt in this country, as in others, plenty of men are prepared to denounce political parties as "the curse of the country," but to substitute a system of little trade-parties, each working closely and avowedly for its own hand, and forming temporary coalitions upon log-rolling principles, would be a strange way of purifying politics. The fundamental vices of entrusting political power to such a delegacy of the trades are two. The first is that the public good, *respublica*, would be dissolved into a number of separate and frequently conflicting private goods, the supposed gain or welfare of the several trades. Even regarding politics, as it is not, as an instrument for the exclusive promotion of economic wealth, such a Government would give no security for the industrial welfare of the nation as a whole. For it would certainly degenerate into a Government by "pulls," the richest and best organised of interests tyrannising over the feebler and the smaller ones.

But the other objection is deeper-rooted still. The very process of civilisation consists in raising citizens to become something more and greater than mere drudges in some business, cogs in an industrial or professional machine. Successful politics in any country means the elevation of the man above the worker, his fuller development as a human being, a member of a family, a neighbor, a citizen, a patriot. That industrial

legislation which plays so large a part in modern States is not primarily designed to improve trades and to raise the productive and earning powers of their members. These are chiefly means towards the improvement of individuals and groups of citizens in the places where they live. Any scheme of representation, then, based upon the assumption that citizens are pre-eminently producers, is fundamentally fallacious, and its fallacy would degrade the art of government.

THE NEW ELECTIONEERING.

We hope that Liberals who are anxious to abate the evils of our system of electioneering will not lose their zeal because a member of their party happened to be one of its victims. Nor will Conservatives be wise to conclude that because a Liberal has lost one seat on petition, and another is threatened, while no Tory member is attacked, the Radical case against intimidation falls to the ground. The truth is that, as the Hartlepool petition clearly shows, and as earlier petitions have shown still more clearly, there is a great area of electoral perversion, and even of corruption, which Lord James's Act has hardly touched. That area does not diminish, it extends; and we are afraid nearly every Judge who tries an election case adds some new ground to it. The Hartlepool case bears, indeed, little resemblance to the orgies in an East End constituency which some years ago received a remarkable white-washing from the Bench. But consider the things which Mr. Justice Phillimore declared to be legal. It is not, of course, permissible to use hired carriages to convey voters to the poll. But the senior Judge in the Hartlepool case held that a friend of the candidate was free to hire a special train filled with carriages and horses and grooms for the conveyance of such voters. He also thought it allowable to bring in a new type of "messengers" under the cover of "guides"—otherwise "touts" or "runners"—to accompany chauffeurs imported into the constituency, and show them the way to voters' homes. The Judge admitted that such extensions of the range and efficiency of the motor-car service were "oppressive," aiding the rich candidate at the expense of the poor, and therefore obscuring the political issue. Unhappily, these extensions are always going on, and never being stopped. Even the flaring procession of non-voters, reviving as it did the saturnalia of the old elections, was held to be illegal only because its organiser, and apparently its paymaster, was just brought within the judicial definition of an "agent" of the candidate. If Mr. Wallace had kept a little clearer of Sir Christopher Furness's Committee Rooms, even this association might have been avoided, as, we presume, it was avoided in the scores of processional displays that took place during the late election.

Indeed, the successful aim of the new electioneering is to bar out, by a series of evasions, the legal responsibility of the man in whose interest it is all organised. The Corrupt Practices Act tries to pin him down through a rigid schedule of expenses which he and his agent may incur during the actual period of the election. But there are two methods of bringing this

safeguard to nought, without any directly corrupt act. The first is to run a series of auxiliary organisations; the second to conduct a long, costly, preliminary siege of the constituency before the issue of the writ. The first device takes much of the cost of canvassing and postal appeal off the candidate's hands; the second enables him to keep up a steady course of wheedling and nursing, and to mask his political ends as charity, public spirit, sociability, and the thousand small hypocrisies of our electoral system. The effect is bad and corrupting in every conceivable direction. It keeps rich men with personal ends in politics; it keeps poor men out. It debases the tone of constituencies, especially the smaller and more corruptible ones, which both parties now cynically reserve for their plutocrats, and it thoroughly obscures a situation where it is desirable that the mind of the country should work with steadiness and seriousness. When wealth acts, as it deliberately acted last election, not only by way of this kind of influence, but also through one organisation built up to secure immense material benefits for its subscribers, we come to something more sinister than the rollicking bacchanals of Eatanswill. Even to-day, we have had something like a political tactic, based on the idea that the Liberals, being the poorer party, can be worn down in the course of a series of elections. Thus wealth aims half-consciously at buying the country, as Whig and Tory aristocrats regularly bought and divided it up in the days when the House of Lords and the House of Commons were a single "going" concern, with the spoil of an Empire at its masters' feet.

We doubt whether there is a single remedy for this evil. The old habit of electoral corruption lingers to a degree which must puzzle a nation like the French, where it has never existed, and where an election can almost be run for as many francs as we spend sovereigns. The electoral intelligence with us is not a clear organ, responding to simple, easy-stated appeals; it is a highly confused and complicated medium. Large issues can just hold their own at a General Election, but with the main stream mingle all sorts of eddies, local interests and patriotisms, commercial or particularist or feudal influences, and, above all, the tendency of the people to be overborne by the power and prestige and even the appearance of wealth, flashing gaudily through the streets, or feeding a hundred rills of charity and social effort. The coming of the motor-car has added greatly to this power of physically impressing the electorate; perhaps in the end the development of the poster-cartoon, crude as it is, may prove a counter-attraction. But even if we could have a new Corrupt Practices Act to-morrow, forbidding all social entertainment at the expense of the candidate, all bribery of local charities and institutions, compelling him to account for local expenditure by "volunteer" organisations run to promote his election, and giving a rigorous turn to the definition of agency, we should not at once purge these contests of the practices and subterfuges that disgrace the record of our electoral courts. There is something not quite intellectually straightforward about our political conscience; or, to speak more charitably, it is mixed up with much social consciousness that is not

political at all. Where this conscience is purest, *e.g.*, among voters for Labor candidates or Irish Nationalists, elections are cheap; elsewhere they are dear, largely because the interest of the whole body of electors is not thorough and single-minded. They have to be "cosseted," not merely persuaded, to poll. Thus there is endless disappointment for the idealist, who is always longing for a "straight fight on principles," and always aiming at machinery to secure it. Thousands of voters still think of a member of Parliament as a kind of small Providence, to be tapped at intervals for local mercies, and do not seriously disapprove of the means he takes for "getting there." The truth is that the nation is keenly political by fits and starts only; its normal life runs on lines which conflict with the call of its leaders for definite issues and a thorough application of the people's mind to them. The recurring impurity of our elections is a sign that the popular mind is far from pellucid; that it still mixes with its thought on public questions the notions of sport and fun, the pictures and associations of a carnival, which run through the literature and caricature of a hundred years of English history.

A CONSTITUTION FOR EGYPT.

It was possible for a docile reader, who derived his knowledge of Egypt from Lord Cromer's annual reports, to think of our Occupation as a fixed and immutable fact. Somehow, by a process measured in centuries or generations, the Egyptians were being fitted to govern themselves. A few Olympian phrases barely recognised the existence of a Nationalist movement. It was dismissed as the agitation of schoolboys, as the work of a "handful of extremists," a thorn in the side of the English rulers of Egypt which in no way lessened their self-confidence or disturbed their outlook. Change there might be, but it would come, if it came at all, in the days of our children's children. There is no affectation of such a pose in Sir Eldon Gorst's report. It opens with a note of anger and alarm in the too emotional paragraph which discusses the assassination of the late Prime Minister. It closes with a calmer note of settled pessimism, in which the fact is plainly stated that the entire upper and middle class views our work with suspicion and distrust. The splendid pro-consular illusions are gone for ever. But it is not the facts which have changed. The only difference is that there is now at the helm a man who ventures to face them. He has done much to earn the confidence which, as yet, the Egyptians have refused to accord him. His native Ministers and provincial governors are no longer quite the puppets that they were. The Legislative Council, a consultative body, has become an advisory chamber which can question and debate and amend, and in one short year has made itself a real power, if a subordinate power, in the country. In the provinces, local councils, with some real authority over finance and administration, have been created. In the services the invasion of raw English officials has been

checked, and natives, at last, obtain the promotion which they used to claim in vain. In the schools, albeit slowly, the process of anglicising has been somewhat arrested, and Arabic begins to recover its ground as the medium of instruction. A university is at last in process of creation. In the factories the cruel abuse of child labor, which Lord Cromer repeatedly refused to touch, has been regulated, and all but abolished. Amid much that to us seems more important, one change has especially struck the native mind—the Khedive is reconciled to his position, and is no longer the potential rebel who opposed to the mailed fist a sullen, if passive, resistance.

No fair observer of the trend of events could fail to see what all this implies. Sir Eldon Gorst may use the same traditional phraseology as Lord Cromer about the duty of helping the Egyptians to govern themselves. But there is this difference—that on his lips the phrase is sincere. At the present rate of progress, Egypt might become effectively self-governing in a period which might be reckoned at five years, or perhaps at ten, but would certainly culminate within the present generation. The evolution is visible, and a sympathetic hand consciously directs it. If the Egyptians themselves could to-morrow lay aside their mistrust, if the Nationalists ceased from agitating and their Press settled down to the work of patient and friendly criticism, we daresay that the directors of English policy would be ready to prophesy that the period of transition should be brief enough to satisfy any reasonable aspiration. It is, however, a nice question whether any race ever obtains its rights by ceasing to clamor for them. A people which aspires in silence is apt to be told that its apparent content is an argument against change. The extreme utterances of the Nationalist movement are unquestionably as unwise as they are unjust. The hatred of everything English has been carried by a few of its leaders and teachers to the point of mania, and the criticisms of the newspapers are so indiscriminate as to lose all educational value. But it would be a mistake to exaggerate the importance of these wilder utterances. What is to be reckoned with is rather the underlying cynicism which governs the whole attitude of the Egyptians towards the Occupation. Sir Eldon Gorst concludes his report with a peroration in which he dwells on the disinterested concern of England for the welfare of Egypt. Unfortunately, the history of our coming is still too fresh. We went to Egypt—Lord Cromer himself admits it—to safeguard the interests of the bondholders, and for no other reason. We remain there, partly to watch over the debt, partly to protect the constantly increasing investments of Englishmen in Egypt, partly to assure our joint sovereignty of the Soudan, and chiefly to secure the Suez Canal. The Egyptians are not a conspicuously intellectual people, but they have the elementary shrewdness which enables them to read these self-regarding, though quite respectable motives. The Bondholders led us to Egypt. It is a fixed idea of the Egyptians that we are there to exploit them.

Given that fixed idea, it is in vain that we look forward to a happy period of guardianship and education. Our ward does not trust us. If we seem to be mild, she

will think us weak. If we make concessions, she will be sure that her own struggles have extorted them. The faith in our statesmanship is lacking, and for that we have to thank, in the first place, the Bondholders, and, in the second place, Lord Cromer. The Nationalist movement is badly led and singularly lacking in generalship or organisation. Unless, indeed, we are to infer from the scolding which Mr. Roosevelt administered to the native officers at Khartoum that it has begun to gain a footing in the Army, there is no present way in which it can make itself physically formidable. But it can maintain the atmosphere of distrust. It can continue to feed this cynicism. It can arrest the evolution towards self-government, and force us to choose between a rough repression and frank concessions. An isolated act like the murder of Boutros Pasha goes far to precipitate the choice. Already we are told that the revived Press Law—in principle a most oppressive measure—is to be applied in practice with a new severity. Worse still, it is threatened that agitators are to be deported untried. The physiognomy of the Indian situation begins to repeat its uglier features in Egypt. But there are differences. There is in Egypt no considerable moderate party. There are no Egyptians of the moral and intellectual standing of Mr. Gokhale. There are only native officials who draw their salaries. And, again, there is no large minority whom interest ranges on our side like the Indian Moslems. There are only the imported Syrian Christians and some of the Copts. If the repression begins in earnest it must be directed, morally at least, against a whole people. It may strike only a few heads, but they will be the nerve centres of the whole educated class. We are far from saying that a repression on such a scale is impossible or even dangerous. But it must render futile any tentative experiments in self-government.

The time has come, we believe, to face the other alternative boldly. What the Egyptians demand is primarily a *Dostour*, a Constitution. It must check the growing and rather sinister power of the Khedive, as well as the interference of the British Agent. It matters little what Conservative checks might be imposed in the shape of an Upper House. The retention of English officials is perfectly possible. It is not even necessary that the British garrison should be withdrawn, though it might well be confined to the cosmopolitan town of Alexandria and to the region of the Canal. What is essential is the grant of some responsible powers to a representative chamber. The principle has, in effect, been conceded already. When the scheme for prolonging the Suez Canal concession was withdrawn in deference to the hostility of the General Assembly, we recognised the moral right of the Egyptians to govern themselves. When Sir Eldon Gorst informs us that all the amendments proposed by the Legislative Council to Government measures have this year been accepted, once more he testifies to the real authority which public opinion has acquired. If the evolution has gone so far as that, if our wish to acclimatise representative government has carried us so great a length in practice, the formal grant of a Constitution would but consecrate what usage has assumed. It would surprise us if a generous gift failed

to remove that atmosphere of distrust which repression will never dispel, and gradual concessions will fail to conjure away.

THE CANT OF DECADENCE.

How long is it since we learnt at school—not from our masters, indeed, but from one another—that one Englishman could beat two or three or ten Frenchmen? Those days seem very remote. There is no such legend in the schools to-day, we fancy. If it is in the schools, it is nowhere else. A Frenchman cannot win the prize for the flight from London to Manchester without giving rise to a doleful chorus, ever renewed now on the smallest occasion, on the decadence of Englishmen—a chorus we are glad to see sturdily rebuked by Lord Morley. The Germans are beating us in industry, and will beat us in war unless we have two ships of every class to their one. The French beat us in invention and in individual enterprise—those very French who, ten short years ago, were a dying nation. Our birthrate is falling, we are becoming a stationary people, while others multiply and possess the earth. The Colonies despise us. The touch of genius has departed from us. We have inherited a great Empire, which only holds together by inertia, and which, as things are going, our sons and grandsons are destined to lose. This unreasoning and wholly morbid mood of pessimism which is fashionable to-day has no more solid ground than the bumptious optimism which marked the close of the last century. In those palmy days there was only one nation, and Mr. Kipling was its prophet. There were those of the Blood, the sons of the Wife that dwelt by the northern gate, her sons that remained at home, her children over the seas that lived under the flag, and her sons across the Atlantic who, separated by an old misunderstanding, were in future to be one in heart and purpose. Even the German in those days was a cousin. He, too, was of the Blood, at least as a collateral, and he might be admitted into alliance, and share in some humbler capacity the glorious task of ruling the world. As to these Frenchmen, like the Chinese and the Spaniards, they were a dying nation. They were not of the Blood. It was the mood of what the Greeks called *Hybris*, a kind of insolence in the soul, which in the Greek view brought a *Nemesis* in its train. With us the *Nemesis* was the South African war, wherein the true penalty that we paid was not the loss of many thousand lives, and two hundred millions of money, but the loss of belief in ourselves. The punishment might have been salutary if, as a nation, we had been content to read the lesson in the right way. This we resolutely refused to do. Humiliation is not humility, and we refused to listen in a chastened spirit to the warning that events were reading us. That warning was not that we were preternaturally weak or the Boers preternaturally strong. It was not that one Boer required ten Englishmen to beat him. Rightly interpreted, it was that one man fighting for freedom takes ten men fighting for Empire to beat him. Had we, that is to say, consented to view the whole history of our dealings

in South Africa as they really were, we should have allowed no exaggerated despondency to take the place of exaggerated optimism. We should have recognised simply that we had made the mistake, as a nation, of following false guides, that we had disregarded the fighting force of justice in an international struggle, and of freedom as the inspiring motive of national defence, that it was these forces that had been against us, and that we had prevailed in the struggle with them only at the cost of our national pride. The despondent fit which has held us since the beginning of this century is the penalty we have paid, not for the Boer war, but for the refusal to learn, in genuine humility of spirit, the lesson which the war had to teach.

Upon this mood of self-detraction supervened the conscious attempt to exploit it in the interest of a policy. The Tariff Reform propaganda is pessimistic in a way in which no ordinary reform movement is pessimistic. The Socialist paints existing society black, but it is for him no blacker than others. He does not conceive his country as being continually overreached and outdone in competition with its rivals. He pictures all countries alike as suffering from a common curse. The Tariff Reformer has a different point of view. To his mind we are the one foolish people among many that are wise, and we are going the way of the fools. His ally, the Conscriptionist, chimes in with a hearty assent. As we are the only great people foolish enough to be Free Traders, so we are the only people selfish and unpatriotic enough to refuse compulsory service. The very sports which were our pride in the old days have been turned to a reproach. The cricket fields "on which Waterloo was won" are the opprobrium of the melancholy patriot. We are playing while others work. We are clapping flannelled fools at the wicket and cheering muddled oafs at the goals while they are drilling for the invasion which is shortly to teach the Englishman that his home is not his castle.

Is there a word of truth in it all? As to racial decadence, we believe not one. The country, taken as a whole, is healthier, happier, more orderly, more prosperous to-day than at any time since the break-up of the old order under the influence of the industrial revolution. There is, when all is said and done, a better spirit abroad, a stronger sense of social justice, and undiminished energy in all directions of human activity. We have not built the new Jerusalem in the land—a new Jerusalem is not built in a day—but we are busily engaged in clearing out a great many dull spots from the least desirable quarters of the old Jerusalem, and the process bids fair to go ahead with not less speed in the future than in the immediate past. Is there, then, no ground for the disadvantageous comparisons which have become so popular? Well, first, there is the question of our commercial position. This is not, and probably will never again be, what it was. Physical facts are no longer overwhelmingly on our side. We were first in the field with the new industrial movement a century ago. We were less hindered than any other nation by the revolutionary wars. We had a start with the leading inventions. We got to work upon our coal and iron before other nations. Now that the immense material resources of America and Ger-

many have been brought into action, we must recognise that in future we compete on equal grounds at best, and perhaps with some material advantages to the credit of our rivals.

But all that has really nothing to do with race decadence. Let us look a little further. Take the test of inventions which, in the hands of Watt, Arkwright, Cartwright, Hargreaves, Crompton, Stephenson, gave us our start. Are we not clearly left behind in this particular race? The modern developments of electricity and chemistry, it may be said, are the work of Germany, Italy, and France. France and America have given us the flying machine. The French produced the motor-car, the French are revolutionising medicine. Where is England in all this? If we except the steam turbine, has any great original invention of the past quarter of a century come to birth in the British Isles? We take it that here there is a point worth considering. If we look into the development of physical science, we find British names in the forefront in points of fundamental theory. The new physics owe as much to Clerk Maxwell, Sir J. J. Thomson, Professor Rutherford, and other British names, as it does to Hertz or M. Becquerel or Mme. Curie. But when we come to invention, the case is different, and the difference is significant. The old inventions were the work of practical men, often of very little education. They were the output of the special form of practical genius working by rule of thumb, in which this country has always excelled. Contemporary inventions are of a different order. They are mainly the work of applied science, and in England the inter-connection of science and practice has always been a chain with some very weak links. As a nation we are sceptical of theory. We believe in muddling through, and though in every department we have produced great individual thinkers, from Newton to Darwin, we have never organised knowledge or brought it into relation to practice as the French and Germans have done. The remark applies in a much wider sphere than that of physical science and mechanical invention. We have never performed a legislative feat comparable to the deliberate and complete reorganisation of the civil code in Germany. We refuse to yield ourselves up to the thinkers who plan things out after such comprehensive fashion. We avoid going to the bottom of things, and condemn the guidance of those who have sought to do so. Hence our national life is something of a patchwork, good pieces sewn on where the old rags had got threadbare, contrasting oddly with bits that are three-fourths worn out, but which we refuse to discard till they positively fall asunder. That, notwithstanding all, we hold our own, is a proof, not of decadence, but of the overflowing national vitality which enables us to compensate for want of economy in method by superabundance of available energy. But there are things that we could well learn of our neighbors if we would study their ways, not with the barren object of proving or disproving a pet fiscal thesis by an entirely false method of induction, but with an unbiassed desire to discriminate the real elements of success in their material progress, and to discover how far these elements can be transplanted to British soil.

Life and Letters.

A SOUL'S ADVENTURES.

EXPERIENCE of life, on any large variety of scale, is the privilege of the few. To many the frequented ways of travel alone vary a universe of convention. Existence passes from youth to middle age, from maturity to decline, along a certain level plane. Success does not materially alter that level. The passage from Lewisham to Denmark Hill and Denmark Hill to Kensington is through a tolerably reckonable universe: with a conventional religion, an ideal of comfort, a solid social order. There are others, however, by whom nothing is accepted; who fling themselves into Life, enduring all discomforts, till they have apprehended the heights and depths of it: who challenge and analyse the explanations of Life, and refuse to be put off with platitudinous optimisms. Of such a spirit is Mr. Alexander Irvine, soldier, preacher, farmer, Socialist; and his record, told by himself, ("From the Bottom Up," Heinemann), is rich with the revelation of a mind refusing "all the formulas" which soften and deaden the hard realities of things as they are. He appears as a child in the poorest of cottages in a little Irish village. He is left at the end, forty-seven years of age, with the health and vigor of a boy feeling that "for me life has just really begun." Between these intervals he has seen something of the amazing spectacle that human existence provides, especially of the slave labor at the basis of civilisation and its splendors. He has known hunger, attempted suicide, been patronised by the generous and great, lived with the outcasts on the river bank in the "no man's land" not far from where the city dumped its garbage. He has seen desert fighting and men die there. He has occupied, as a personal choice, the region of the extremities of poverty. He has accepted a transfiguring creed with an orthodox scheme of salvation which gave comfort to the soul. He has tumbled through this into blank negations and despairs. He has escaped from these by the way of Humanity, the service of the sons of God. He has much to say, as a prophet of this generation, to the dead churches of England and America. His record, especially towards the end of it, is a picture of twentieth-century disabilities and demands, which to-day every hour confronts the optimism of foolish pity and pride. This book—and something of this experience—should be a necessary equipment for anyone seeking to-day to become a teacher of the things of the spirit in so baffling a world.

"The world in which I first found myself"—so Mr. Irvine commences—"was a world of hungry people. My earliest sufferings were the sufferings of physical hunger." From the selling of newspapers on the streets of Antrim, the child passed to work on a farm. And in this work, one evening at the sunset, came the experience of that "conversion" which is now the subject of psychological investigation. "As I sat on the fence and watched the sun set over the trees, an emotion swept over me and the tears began to flow. My body seemed to change as by the pouring into it of some life-giving fluid. I wanted to shout, to scream aloud; but instead I walked rapidly over the hill into the woods, dropped on my knees, and began to pray." The result of the experience remained; through life as a groom and coachman, as helper in a coal mine in Scotland—working in the same pits with Mr. Keir Hardie; and so to enlistment in the Marines and service abroad. Mr. Irvine's capacity as a boxer and his abundant Irish wit carried him successfully through this rough life; for any conspicuous bully or sinner, like Kipling's hero, the method adopted was to knock him down and lead him up to grace. In service abroad he attached himself to a "small group of pietists" called Plymouth Brethren; "they were a great joy to me at first," he says, "but the atmosphere to a red-blooded, jubilant nature like mine was rather stifling after a while." They were earnestly sober men living in a vision; but the rollicking Irishman, with his mingled pugilism and piety, was a species they

found difficult to comprehend. "When these men shook hands in parting, they usually said, 'If the Lord tarry,' for the Lord was expected to come at any moment. As I looked around me, I got the idea that there was a good deal of work to be done before the Lord came, and I put emphasis rather on the work than on the expectation." In his record of life on the big ship, Mr. Irvine lifts the corner of a veil which normally covers a problem never fairly faced. "The greatest problem of my life, and perhaps of any life at the age of twenty-one, was the problem of sex instinct." "Around me in the mess and on the ship's deck and on the streets of the cities—everywhere—I heard nothing else but conversation on this problem. To nine out of every ten men it was a joke. It was laughed at, played with."

From these problems, however, his mind is turned to a seven months' fighting outside Suakin—in heat where the sun is striking dead one out of every two men. Actual fighting was a Godsend; without it the men rotted to death with the sun and enteric fever and the hideous monotony of it all. "It was not an unusual sight to see men weeping from home-sickness—utterly unable to keep back their tears. There were attempts at suicide also, and men eagerly sought opportunity to endanger themselves." This little war gave him a loathing and disgust for "the game of war as such." "I wanted this black horde wiped off the face of the earth; but when I saw boys and girls, ranging from six to ten years of age, approaching the phalanx of British bayonets with their little assegais ready to do battle, I was thrilled with admiration for them." It was a war of extermination. "Whatever we touched, we destroyed. What the bullet could not accomplish, the torch could. It was a campaign of annihilation."

With such experience of the very salt and rind of life behind him, Mr. Irvine entered "the American scene." He climbed, as a steerage passenger, into the underworld. And in the "underworld" for the most part he remained, beholding, as it were, the reverse side of America's riotous material prosperity. The resemblance is to the wrong side of some woven carpet or tapestry. The pattern is all blurred and faded, odd ends of thread hang in disorderly confusion; there is little to show the serenity and beauty of form or color of the normal aspect. America—or the East of it—to-day is largely a parasitic state, of sedentary business population, living on a continuous influx of imported servile sweated labor, from whose uncouth and ill-paid toil are sucked the big fortunes of the successful at the summit. Mr. Irvine adventures at a "muckers' camp" in the iron mines of Alabama, to which Finns and Italians and Croatians are shepherded from the Eastern ports—brought there by negroes, in "Jim Crow" cars. He visits the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, where the State of Alabama leased eight hundred convicts to the corporation at so much a head: in a kind of practical realisation of Bentham's scheme for "grinding rogues into honest men." "The men were underfed and overworked. For the slightest infraction of the rules they were flogged like galley slaves. Women were flogged as well as men. What the lash and the labor left undone, tuberculosis finished. Unsanitary conditions, rotten sheds, sent many of them into eternity, where they were better off." Many years Mr. Irvine spent in the Bowery; many more in the working quarters of Newhaven.

The generosity of the wealthy churches was conspicuous. So long as he could appear to be seeking the salvation of individual souls, the Y.M.C.A.'s and rich subscribers listened with interest to his stories of conversion, and gave him all support. But the moment he commenced to interfere with "politics"—either municipal or national—he became suspect, and the supply of charity ceased. The comfortable classes, who frequented the churches, desired no preaching of social justice. A clergyman who consorted with the leaders of the Labor Unions seemed to them "suspect." Their scheme of the Christian life was simple enough. The industrious business man was to obtain a fortune in the exploitation of the poor, of which a moiety was to be returned in direct machinery of compassion and redemption. They represented, in a word, the policy

which has become articulate in Mr. Roosevelt. Wealth was to be heaped up and used mainly for the common good; all Socialisms, Trades Unions, organisations demanding social reconstructions, were to be repudiated as the children of disorder, alien to the American spirit. At Newhaven the Water Company is exploiting and throttling the city. Mr. Irvine campaigns against it, as Father Dolling campaigned against the East London Water Company. His campaign was received by the shareholders—most of them regular church-goers—as Dolling's campaign was received, with obloquy and persecution. To one of these in England, the water-famine was due—so the good man wrote—to the presence of Dolling in East London—the curse of God upon so conspicuous a Jonah. In Newhaven the Church fines him £80 a year from his salary, for attending a meeting of agitation. At last, in disgust, he turns to the "Gentiles"—the much-dreaded and much-hated Labor Unions, who were supposed to stand for Anarchism, the destruction of the family, the end of all things. He is received in quaint phraseology, in a speech which represents the very attitude of the working man towards religion. "I ain't what ye'd call a Christian," said the orator, "but I know the genuine article when I see it. If the Bible is true, Jesus went to the poor, and if the rich wanted him they'd have to look him up. This minister is doin' th' Jesus business in th' old way. That's why we like him, an' that's why he's here." Mr. Irvine had to pass through many and dark waters before he could find a faith by which a man can live. He had to tread the lowest rungs of the ladder of personal privation, to learn not only how hard he fares upon another's bread, but how harder he fares to whom even another's bread is denied. At one time he was even wondering whether, after all, "there weren't more reforms wrapped up in a stick of dynamite" than in a whole life of preaching and moralising. He came through this immense cavern of dim twilight, like Christian through the valley of the shadow of that death, cheered, like Christian also, by sounds from which "he gathered that some, who feared God, were in the valley as well as himself."

Beating out from the hardness of experience, in toil amongst the solitude of nature, acquainted also with the squalor and splendor of human affairs, he came at last to find rest for his soul. A kind of Socialist, but with a mystical instead of a material background, friend and admirer of Mr. W. J. Bryan, dedicating his life to the service of the "underdog," he found a scheme of things which dropped much that was unbelievable in the old theologies, but yet protested the necessity and the attainability of a faith even amid the ruins of the twentieth century creeds. "My Socialism," he confesses at the end, "is the outcome of my desire to make real the dreams I have dreamed of God." "Twenty years' experience in reform movements taught me the hopelessness of reformation from without. It was like soldering up a thousand little holes in the bottom of a kettle." "Poverty is the mother curse of the ages." "Socialism asks for the application of science to the disease of poverty." So, in serenity, confidence, still young for work, but with, behind him, the experience of a life of a man, he surveys from his hill eyrie the river and elm and maple, fires in autumn, the old unchanging hills. He thinks that he can see an end and knows it good: an end in which Socialism is only a stage in the journey. "The cause of Jesus is the righting of the world's wrongs." "The Socialists of to-day know that their ideal cannot be realised during their life time; they are people of vision; they are not saying 'Lord, Lord,' but they are bringing in the kingdom."

PAGAN.

"PAGAN, I regret to say," said Mr. Pecksniff of the Sirens, and dismissed them. "Pagan, we regret to say," said the District Magistrates of the peasants in the Russian province of Viatka, and sent them to prison for a week. The news came among the ordinary telegrams from Russia a few days ago, just before the

other report that some islanders in the South Seas had relapsed into cannibalism. For a moment we were given a glimpse of the queer scene that was being enacted in the Viatka province about the same time as M. Paulhan was rising for his flight from the Hendon fields. We see the little wooden villages on the plains watered by the tributaries of the Volga that trickle and ooze from the distant Ural hills. The quick Russian spring has just changed all the forests and vast expanses from white to green. The striped land of the communal fields is calling to the peasants to come and drain and plough and sow. But the peasants stand collected into shaggy groups round the Court House, and policemen armed with swords and whips keep them crowding there in the mud, as dogs bark sheep into pens. At last, when the Magistrates have finished their lunch and feel in a Christian state of mind, the chief men of the villages are crammed into the dock, and the trial begins. The peasants are charged with "having returned to paganism, and buried their relatives without the service of the Orthodox Church." The local clergy, with their rough cassocks and masses of long hair, are the chief witnesses; for they know most about religion, and make their living off burial fees. What the defence of the peasants was, unhappily we are not told. But they were all found guilty. "Pagan, we regret to say," was the verdict of the Bench, and from the labor of the busy spring they were packed off to spend a week in prison, there to meditate on the value of religious belief.

By now they are back at work again, confirmed in Christianity, as the Magistrates might reasonably expect. The curtain is rung down upon the scene, and we are not allowed to know even into what kind of paganism they had fallen. Had they returned to the faith of their Scythian ancestors, and worshipped the War-god under the similitude of a sword? Had they made skulls into drinking-cups, flayed their enemies for leather, or, as seems more likely from the charge, carried their dead round in a cart, as the Scythians did, for forty days of glorious and hospitable wake before the funeral? Or did they revert to beliefs in elves and sprites? Did they dance round the fairy-rings on the meadows, drop crooked pins into fairy springs, welcome the Russian Easter with hymns to the sun, and prepare the May-pole as the symbol of fertility? Or was their paganism an artistic Renaissance—a revival of the human spirit, such as carried away even the Vicars of Christ in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries? Were those mud-clotted beings on the Ural steppes suddenly intoxicated with beauty and the joy of life? Were their poor, bedraggled women illuminated with the white radiance of Venus? Did the Muses sing again in the plaintive Russian tunes? And across the forests did the peasants again hear those pagan Sirens calling?

The curtain is rung down, and we cannot know. We can only imagine the men and women in their wooden huts, as they dozed or starved through the winter months, with their cattle gathered round the central stove, and themselves on the top with their young—we can only imagine them agreeing, perhaps silently, that the Orthodox Church was not much good to them. The particular doctrine of the Eastern Church, that the Third Person of the Trinity proceeds from the First and not from the Second, gave them no immediate comfort in soul or body; nor did its teaching that works and faith are equally necessary for salvation. The incomprehensible utterances of the priest at service in the white church with its roof and cupola of green iron did not soothe their misery. They were weary of kissing the sacred glass in vain, and of marking themselves with the cross from forehead to breast, and from shoulder to shoulder; weary of striking their heads in prostration upon the unanswering stones, and of lighting the little tapers before the glittering Icons in the corner of the room. What to them were the veiled books, the consecrated water, and the holy towels? If they journeyed to Nijni on the great river and saw even an Archbishop, in jewelled mitre and robes, waving the crossed candles in blessing over their heads, while a great black-bearded priest at the altar bellowed for

Christ to come; nay, if they pilgrimaged to sacred Kieff itself and in dark subterranean passages beheld the very bodies of the Saints wrapt in linen cloths or still standing buried to their shoulders in the solid ground, as they had stood through the last decades of their holy lives; none the less, it was a hard and cheerless life to which they returned—the thin horse, the scanty crop, the pitiless usurer, the collector who flogged for taxes. Might there not be at least equal comfort in dim old rites and petitions that somehow their grandmothers had remembered! At worst, they would be cheap, for there was no priest to pay.

We do not know to what form of paganism they turned in their distress, but we may, perhaps, conjecture something from the lightness of their sentence. Here are men and women actually convicted of paganism—of abandoning Christianity and adopting heathen beliefs in preference; yet they are sentenced to only one week's imprisonment. How different was the treatment of others who remained Christian in faith, and, indeed, regarded themselves as the only true Christians in the world! Such, we mean, as the Rascolniks, or Old Believers, who had stiff-necked principles about smoking, shaving, and the number of fingers to hold up together in making the sign of the Cross, and for these and similar heresies were not only prepared to die, but were actually massacred to the number of many thousands, burnt alive in holocausts, or stifled separately in smoke. In spite of their increasing indifference to their own doctrines (some even go so far as to doubt whether Anti-Christ came to earth in Peter the Great and has been re-incarnated in the Tsars ever since)—in spite of this, they still lie under the ban of the Orthodox Church.

Or think of the Molokans, the Milk-eaters, who will not fast, the Doukhobors, or Spirit-wrestlers, who will not fight, and the Stundists, or Evangelicals, who reject priests and Icons. All these have suffered the extremes of persecution—imprisonment, torture, exile, death, and all the other methods by which Church and State correct religious errors and guide us into the paths of truth. Yet in every respect these persecuted heretics were and are essentially Christian. It is the desire of all of them to follow as closely as possible the actual teaching of Christ. As far as in them lies, they live day by day in accordance with the great commandments of the Gospel. They try to suppress their anger and man's natural inclination to swear; they try not to love women outside marriage, but rather to love their enemies; they refuse to resist violence, or to take an oath of obedience, or to call any man master, for they have one master, even Christ. On the face of the globe it would probably be impossible to discover any large bodies of people who are more definitely Christian than these Russian heretics; and yet, since their forms of belief or modes of life were originated, their persecution has never flagged. Year after year they have been afflicted and tormented, and one of the most persistent endeavors of the Orthodox Church and the representatives of the Tsar's Government has been to exterminate them from the Empire, if not from the earth.

They are Christians, yet their persecution has been lifelong. The peasants of Viatka are convicted pagans, but they are let off with a week in gaol. It seems a queer contradiction in a Christian country. Perhaps, as we suggested, the light sentence may be suited to the kind of paganism into which they fell. Perhaps, instead of loving their enemies, as Christ commanded, they have exulted in universal service and clamored for armaments. Perhaps, instead of calling no man master, they have joined the Black Hundred in maintaining the autocracy of the Tsar. Perhaps, instead of trying not to lust after women, they have instituted a State-inspected brothel for girl captives with "the yellow ticket." Perhaps, instead of refusing to resist violence, they have joined in the public and organized murders of political reformers and Jews. Perhaps, instead of laying up treasures in heaven, they have cheated each other as the rich cheat them, or have envied the Grand Dukes and landowners who devour the wealth that the poor produce. Perhaps, instead of obeying the Christian commandment, "Whatsoever ye would that men should

do to you, do ye even so to them," they have acquiesced in the torture of prisoners, and applauded the number of daily executions. Perhaps they have defended prison scenes fitter for hell than earth. Perhaps they have approved the exile of eighty thousand of the finest, bravest, and most intellectual people of their country into savage wildernesses of cold and desolation. Perhaps they have honored the Courtiers who, in their greed for timber concessions, doomed many thousands of men to death in war. Or perhaps they have admired the rulers who break the most solemn promises ratified in their country's name, and set aside every pledge and bond of public and private honor in their remorseless determination to stamp out the lingering sparks of freedom, and to compel other peoples to bear their burdens, and so reverse the law of Christ. These are lapses into paganism that surely would be punished in any Christian State, and if the peasants of Viatka were guilty of them, we cannot wonder that Christian priests and magistrates have deplored their errors. Yet, owing to mitigating circumstances, their sentence was light. The peasants were imprisoned for a week. The Government is still at large.

THE NEGROID BACCHUS.

At the base of the Perthshire spurs of the Grampians dreams a little town, Highland by its name, Lowland by its speech. Before it stretches the great rich peace of the plain of Strathmere, till the pale yellow of its oat-fields merges in the purple of the Sidlaw Hills. Behind it is the austere peace of the dark glens and bare passes that lead by their precipitous stairs to Calby and Ballater. A vestige of General Wade's historic road threads these fastnesses. The brawling river Erich descends from them, drumlie and brown from the shadows it has braved. The little town leads its own douce and quiet-going life. The bells of the parish kirk, on the hill above the gean wood, answer on the Sabbath the bells of the Free Kirk below. On Saturday night files of solemn ploughmen march silently in from their bothies on the upper and lower hills. They stand as silently on the edge of the kerbstones, back erect and head downcast, their hands thrust into the pockets of their corduroys. "Aye, mon," says Sandy to Jock, timidly and yet with an air of challenge. "A braw nicht," ventures Jock to Sandy, half an hour later. So did the little town satisfy its social instincts. Once a year that great Shakespearean actor, who was, said rumor, the son of a some-time Moderator of the Free Kirk of Scotland, the old firm-lipped divine who last withstood the coming of instrumental music into church, arrived from some profane and distant city to play Hamlet in the Public Hall. The elders went to shake their heads at his downfall. The children watched his menials unpack his sinful gear at the back entry which served as a stage door. Once a year old Mr. S—, whose son, we whispered to each other, was correspondent of the "Times" in Paris—or was it really Berlin!—gave his celebrated lecture, in broad Perthshire Scots, on Robert Burns, and wound up with a solemn recitation of the "Cottar's Saturday Night." From time to time our literary Provost produced a sonnet, which appeared in the columns of our weekly paper. A local murder marks out a red spot on a child's memory. A case of drowning served us when the grimmer tragedy was exhausted by the lapse of years.

There came, after many years, a week when the peace of the little town was riven and destroyed. It was at the annual fair. These fairs had been held from time immemorial in our market-place. The tents and the booths covered the harsh surface of the Well Meadow. There were monkeys and acrobats. There were boxers and living skeletons. There were two-headed chickens and gipsy spey-women. But this year—it is a full twenty years ago—there came a merry-go-round with a steam organ. The blare and the bray of its mechanical trumpets silenced the brawling of our turbid stream. It floated over the wood of wild cherries. It besieged the

church on the hill. It blasted the afternoon peace of our orchards and gardens. It rebuked the bees at their labor, and the birds at their songs. In the scented pine woods you could not escape it, and up among the moors when a gap opened towards the little town below, the obscene noise assailed your resting ears. For six days under the summer sun the tired winds carried their brazen burden. It was the coming of the city into our solitude. It was the inoculation of a fever in our blood. It was as though some foreign city with its pleasures and its sins, its riots and its dances, had been lifted on some magic carpet and dropped among the dreaming peace of our hills. We had never heard the tune before. We have never forgotten it since. It was "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." Blatant, shameless, frenetic, it piped to the little town, a slum child with sallow cheeks, dishevelled hair, and a devil in her heels. The negroid Bacchus had come to our Bœotia. And when it piped, we danced. "Aye, mon," quoth Sandy to Jock on Saturday night, as the bats flitted down the fragrant grove of limes, while they trudged homeward to their bothie. And half-an-hour later Jock replied. The consecrated bucolic answer came no more from his lips. Instead, he whistled "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

Up and down the three kingdoms in that same year the tune went rioting. The gilded youth heard it in their music halls. The slums heard it on their barrel-organs. The villages learned it at their fairs. It was whistled in Galway and hummed in Westmoreland. The ploughboy felt metropolitan as he sang it, the shepherd up to date. A little woman had danced to that tune in London, and flung her limbs to its insistent rhythm into a wild whirl of furious movement. So fast, so abandoned, so Bacchantic it was that the town had taken up the measure, and the country was fain to learn it from the town. She died the other day, the famous Lottie who created the dance. But even yet the thing dances on, an immortal town-bred savage. It was a negro tune, they say, in its origins. It has gone back to its jungles and its lairs. You run the risk of hearing it to-day on the west coast of Africa. It haunts the Eastern seas. It is played by Chinese bands when a warship enters their ports, in the firm belief that it is the British National Anthem. We have heard it in Salonica and in Cairo. We remember vividly a little Moslem shoe-black boy who picked up a precarious living in Canea at the height of the Cretan insurrection by blacking the boots of Europeans. "Tomorrow, captain," he would say as he took his farewell, and then with bare, brown legs he would break into a dance which he clearly felt to be an appropriate means of doing honor to an English customer. It was "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" that he sang, long since a forgotten terror in England, and now an Imperial exile doomed to follow the flag on foreign service.

What obscure law of taste or fashion is it that can suddenly endow a tuneless and ugly air with world-wide fame? History does not help us, for history records only the fortunes of tunes that played their part in its own making. Macaulay has immortalised Lillibulero. It was our fortune in the angry years of the Macedonian rebellion to watch one of these political tunes at its work. The song was a ballad which told of the heroic death of one of the insurgent bands. It recited the rebels' roll of honor, and summoned the youth of the country to leave the old men to sit in their cafés, and to come out, rifle on shoulder, to the hills. The tune was a slow minor air, which had something of the sad but energetic solemnity of "Scots wha hae." It sped from town to town, and from village to village. Peasants sang it at their work, and boys whistled it, half furtive, half defiant, as they came home from school. It would break out mysteriously and spontaneously in the market-place, when a Turkish detachment marched stolidly past. It mingled with the rumbling of the guns as they rolled out to shell some band among the mountains. It was an obligato to the clatter of the sabres when the cavalry rode out on patrol. The lads loved to stand, with an air of innocence, whistling it to the sentry in his striped box outside the Governor's house, glad that the Anatolian peasant in uniform was too stupid to under-

stand it, proud of their own daring in facing the risk that perchance he might happen to understand. It became to the ears which once had recognised it the rhythm of a land in revolt, the audible aspiration of a race. One does not ask what musical merit gives currency to such an air as this. It lives as a watchword and a battle-cry. It goes from village to village with the rush of a fiery cross. It passes from mouth to mouth like a sacramental cup. But what is it that has made immortal the Bacchantic nigger rhythms of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!" Much else that the music-halls have belched forth in the long years since first it came to blast the peace of slumbering country towns, has been ugly enough and vulgar enough to be popular. The merry-go-rounds have changed their repertoires. The barrel-organs have obeyed the fashions which are for them as imperious as the laws which govern the skirts and shape the forms of modish ladies. But only this tuneless tune has gone forth to the ends of the earth, more universal than the Anglo-Saxon tongue. The sentimental ballads, the dreary love songs, the patriotic choruses live their ephemeral existence because they express some universal mood. They perish because some new strain has expressed it no worse. But the thing which Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay expressed is something rarer, something that civilisation has repressed, yet something which still lurks instinctive in our limbs. The negroid Bacchus, the delight in meaningless whirling movement, in the dance that expresses nothing save motion itself, is a primitive god from whom not the most civilised of us can wholly escape. He visits indifferently the music-hall and the temple. He habits himself now as the dervish and again as the ballerina. He delighted to debauch Hellenic minds. He does not disdain to bewitch nigger heels. He lurks round the Bronze Hermes in Piccadilly-circus, a god who needs no monument, because his cult survives. You may see him towards dawn on a summer morning circling round that anachronistic effigy. He wears our modern garb—what are fashions to him while man retains two legs?—he leans insolently at the winged, motionless statue, and he whistles as he goes by like the wind. He alone of the Olympians lives on while Delphi is dumb—he and his ally, Pan. In Africa he wields a tom-tom. In England he uses more commonly a barrel-organ. But the ritual of his mysteries goes always to the same furious chant. Men sang it naked to their ju-jus and their fetishes in the clearing in the primeval wood. It went, somehow, to the words "Io Bacche," amid the civilisations of Greece. We re-discovered it in "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

THE VALLEY AND ITS SINGER.

WE must have our valleys. Nature will have her valleys. Tablelands are the blocks out of which valleys are to be carved. Mountains are for feeding the valleys with living streams, and for breaking up the more boisterous winds into zephyrs for the valleys. First the mountains, blocks of raw material for the carver—granites, limestones, sandstones; flat, crumpled, laid on edge according to the design of the finished work. Then the glen, then the valley, then the vale—which, in two syllables, means farewell to that design, and the beginning of another under the sea. Under the sea, the cracks of the glens are designed, the course of the torrents, the windings of the valley between its hills, even the roads that man shall hereafter build spirally round the flanks and over the passes—carriage roads, military roads, and railroads; for the conquering of other valleys, or the tapping of their produce.

There is the same fascination about a rough group of mountains that there is about an artist's rough sketch. It often seems to us that we prefer the sketch. It is exhilarating; it "sings the rapture of Breath"; but the finished product gives rest and sustenance. The struggles of giants are exhilarating, but we could not watch with interest a struggle foreordained to be inter-

minable. We must see one of them at last stretched on his back. Water and fire are struggling in the mountains, and the valleys give the result—the victory of water. Dotted all over the world are scenes known affectionately as Happy Valleys, Peaceful Valleys, Sweet Valleys, Golden Valleys. The note of the mountains is black or purple, the note of the valley yellow. Says Meredith:—

"Yellow with birdfoot-trefoil are the grass-glades;
Yellow with cinquefoil of the dew-grey leaf;
Yellow with stonecrop; the moss-mounds are yellow;
Blue-necked the wheat aways, yellowing to the sheaf."

The valley of the Mole has carved itself wide and smooth in the roundly yielding chalk. There are miles and miles of flattish fields sprinkled with grey-topped elms, veined with green hedges of hawthorn, dotted with red roofs and village spires, the whole bounded in the distance with low hills drawn in smoke. It seems as though the blue-grey Mole, showing here and there a coil amid the trees, might run out which way it chose, to the English Channel just as well as to the Thames. It has been trained so long to its present bed that no mountains are needed to preserve its obedience. It not only knows its way, but rushes with eagerness, for we see it churning itself into a white apron where a mill-dam has somewhat hindered it. Indeed, the guardianship has grown so lax that the Medway is filching the head waters of the Mole, and may one day turn our valley upside down. Our watershed is already a good deal lower than the hills through which the Mole flows to the Thames, lower also than the hills through which the southern streams flow to the Brighton sea, whither one day the Mole may flow with them in preference to the shipladen Medway. So let us enjoy our north-flowing Mole while we may.

After the plasterer, the paperhanger. After the chisel of frost and snow and thunderstorm, the covering of each slope, according to its angle, with flowers. Flora stands, with her hands full of seeds, ready for the time when the soil shall be ready for them. Or she keeps flinging them, and flinging them, among the chips, till some of them begin to stick and grow. We can almost calculate, to a degree, what is the angle of the primrose. Here the escarpment is just too steep, and there are none of the cream-yellow blossoms. And there, just a shaving less perpendicular, is a bank well-starred. Thrift and grass clutch at these banks, and strive to keep them up, as though they were on the side of fire, and not of water. A whole hill-side is plumed with black juniper, leaning hard uphill, determined not to be thrown down. "Flame-shaped," a daring touch, but so true that we almost seem to have seen such flames licking at a mountain as these do at the slope above the great white scar that the lime-workers have gashed to its bones.

Thousands of tons have been dragged out here to make lime, but for every single ton a thousand million tons have had to be removed to make our valley in its rounded hills—the long green roller of the down—an image of the deluge ebb. The pines on the hilltops do not reach by six times to the top of the stone that has been removed since the hills were set up. High as he may go, the "running rings" of the lark are far beneath the rings that the dog-fish broke on the sea that deposited our chalk. Surely the sea has got back nine-tenths of what was her own, and our solid-seeming valley is no more than a pit in the sands of an hour-glass made by their running out. We get our best view of it all, perched on the crumbling hill, and viewing the plain below in miniature. The cry of sheep comes up from where they are folded in a patch of rye. They look no more than silkworms nibbling at a mulberry leaf. The villages, of which we can count some half-dozen, seem permanent, because we know that that is what they would seem if we were in their street. But they are but bubbles in the vortex that is running to the sea. Still the pace checks a little every year. As compared with the hurry there was when the first waters ran full of mud and stones down steep mountain-sides, this is rest, and such a valley stands for the

truest rest we know. The veronica that grows between two crops of sea-anemone seems constant as the sky. At any rate, the veronica is older than man. Not so old, however, as it is young.

Everything is new in May, for the upholstery is everything. The yew and box have smoked with pollen, the pines are fragrant far beyond the dreams of last year, and the tide of flowers is coursing over all the fields.

"All the girls are out with their baskets for the primrose;
Up lanes, woods through, they troop in joyful bands."

The gold of our valley is not really to be so basketed, but every year even the oldest of us is apt to imagine otherwise. "Sweeter unpossessed," yet we really must have one or two of the largest, smoothest blossoms. The first time we begin to doubt whether a basket of primroses may not be less than the highest good, then Eden suffers a serious invasion.

"... She knows not why, but now she loiters,
Eyes the bent anemones and hangs her hands.
Such a look will tell that the violets are peeping,
Coming the rose; and unaware a cry
Springs in her bosom for odors and for color,
Covert and the nightingale; she knows not why."

Can it really be that these children, gathering primroses, have no ear for the nightingale? His liquid notes peal and thrill from the straggling thorns that clothe our hill-side, as though no one had ever heard such music before. There is not the abandon of the lark's "showers of sweet notes." The nightingale has always something in hand, and he thus requires of the hearer more than the hearer can give. The children very much prefer the skylark. They cannot afford the attention that the nightingale needs. You must listen to the nightingale, waiting and wondering for what will be the next agony of sweetness, and not feeling surprised if it does not come. How different the lark's:

"... silver chain of sound,
Of many links without a break,
All interwoven and spreading wide,
Like water dimples down a tide."

It sounds, comparatively, like a hurdy-gurdy, yet the lark will not be gainsaid as the songster of young earth. When we see the chubby village faces upturned to follow him in his vulgar ecstasy, we are quite certain that he gives them quite as much spiritual enjoyment as is good for their healthy age.

Our valley, instead of widening as it goes, runs almost through gates at Box Hill. The chalk, soft as it is, has stood the ravage of water better than the rag-stone and weald clay. Box Hill is steep as a mountain, perhaps because the box has kept its wall up. If you begin to scramble down, it needs all those tall, thin stems to save you from falling into the Mole, that runs sucking at the base of the hill. Then you can cross the floor of the valley in a few strides, and again rise up to the heights of Ranmore. Our valley will be really more orthodox when the Medway or the Arun shall have turned it upside down. But our chalk hills can never make a respectable watershed. They are sponges into which the rain sinks, to emerge, quite unobtrusively, somewhere beneath the ground-level of the valley. There are gulleys that, in other hills, would be tinkling glens, but no visible stream runs down these chalk-hill gulleys. If they begin to run, they sink through the bed, to take up their course in a definite channel underground, or just to wet the sponge to oozing-point lower down. These streamless valleys, however, make pretty gorges in their green grass and their woods of pine. We fondly call them Switzerland, especially that one which teases into sharp zigzags the road that will ascend its sides. At the foot of it a little house backs into a tall screen of pines—a wall of pines full of sunshine and the drone of doves.

"Doves of the fir-wood walling high our red roof
Through the long noon coo, crooning through the coo."

That is where the Singer of the Valley finished his mountain life.

Art.

THE MANNER OF THE ACADEMY.

THE moral maxim selected for this year's Academy catalogue has, perhaps, an unusual significance. "Le fond de tout" (it runs) "est toujours ceci: qu'il faut qu'un homme soit touché d'abord pour pouvoir toucher les autres." The sentence, which is one of Jean François Millet's best-known utterances, comes as a note of warning—the warning, one might say, of the Academic mother to her children!—to artists to give more play to their emotional faculties, in order that the emotions of the shilling public may be stirred by their works. It is always apposite to an exhibition that contains every year a vast proportion of pictures whose distinguishing quality is their artistic cynicism; the very term, an "Academy picture," meaning a work that aims at nothing except attracting the public eye for a brief season at Burlington House. To this year's Academy it applies with peculiar force, because the instances of wholly cynical picture-making appear to us to be specially conspicuous. Let us give an illustration of this cynical tendency. There is a certain landscape painter who has the reputation of being able to paint in the style of any other landscapist on whom his choice falls. That is to say, he can paint a very colorable imitation of, say, an East for one Academy and a Leader for the next; can give the illusion of a William Maris for a third, a Rousseau for a fourth; and can amuse himself with Murrys or Waterlows in the off-seasons. He has an almost marvellous facility; and the plausibility of his adaptations saves him from the ridicule that would, in strict artistic justice, fall on the man who can paint everybody's pictures except his own. Every year he is represented at the Academy, where his art is thoroughly appreciated by a public that is fond of conjuring tricks, and is thoroughly relished by art-critics fond of a joke. But the great trouble is that his interpretation of the purposes of art has not remained a joke identified with him alone, but has become an example to others. The fashion of painting other artists' pictures has extended. New conjurers have arisen in alarming numbers—and, unfortunately, with less sleight of hand. We find portrait painters painting in other people's styles of portraiture, subject painters adopting other people's subjects in the latter's manner, landscapists describing landscape in a borrowed language, or deserting it for something *à la mode* in portraiture. We have no desire to particularise, nor is it necessary; dozens of illustrations will occur to the reader who has followed the recent developments of modern painters. The game at the Academy is rapidly becoming a species of artistic Penny Post.

It is obvious that with this tendency there is little scope for self-expression, and that, without the latter, there can be no emotion felt or communicated. Versatility is an excellent quality to possess; but, if it is forced at the expense of feeling, it becomes even more of a dead weight than its converse, monotony. One may urge, what is perfectly true, that people do not go to the Academy to be "moved," but to be jostled in the less figurative sense; that the soul-less picture is the natural outcome of an economic demand for the trivial, and that times are too bad for artists to ignore this demand. Yet there have been, and are, instances of genuine art which contrived also to be popular. We are particularly reminded of such by the inclusion in the present exhibition of three portraits by the late Sir W. Q. Orchardson, which, though not of his best, typify the splendidly unswerving purpose of this great, and essentially popular, artist. The "Lord Blyth," which he was engaged on just before he died, is the weakest of the three, for, though the color scheme of drab-brown and rose-pink is complete, and the head is modelled with that wonderful economy of means that was Orchardson's later characteristic, there are traces of hesitancy elsewhere. The signature is pathetic. It has been charged against the artist that he looked at everything through a brown and purple mist; because

he restricted himself to what, in the eyes, at any rate, of the superficial observer, was a rather rigid color scheme. This is a half-truth about his later work which it is difficult to disprove; but it may be suggested that his color was less restricted and infinitely more subtle than is generally supposed, and that, apart from this, the faithful adherence to certain tones has been characteristic of many great masters. Fine portraitists, from Velasquez to Whistler, have been identified with black and silver, and Corot is not the only landscape painter of renown who has specialised in greens and greys. With Orchardson, as with those, the set color scheme was raised above the level of a mannerism; it was the true reflection of a temperament, and as much the means of expression as the paint itself. Half the faculty of a fine painter is the power to think and reason in terms of paint, and Orchardson possessed this power in a remarkable degree. And this is why, when he painted frankly popular pictures, pictures of human sentiment, like "Her Mother's Voice," the sentiment rang so true; why anecdote attained the dignity of history under his sentient brush; why he ennobled the hackneyed and set a new value on the cheap. What a magician's wand was that brush! We can recall no painter of the past century who could obtain so much effect in the oil medium with so little expenditure of solid paint. At no period were his pictures of the kind that cannot be seen for their impasto; but in later days he economised his colors, more especially in the painting of flesh, to an extent that made them seem like liquid washes. It is one comfort that such oil painting lasts and lives where impasto cracks and perishes.

Honesty is often a term of reproach where the painter's art is concerned, but one can use the word of Orchardson without fear of being misunderstood. He had no false shame about painting pictures that might please the gallery, if they pleased him also, no "art for art's sake" theories on the subject of a work, no clique of admirers to paint up or down to. This absence of affectation, in an artistic age that is rampantly affected, was itself a remarkable phenomenon. He worked mainly to please himself, and, without consciously striving for any emotional quality, succeeded in moving the emotions of his audience, not merely, let it be understood, by his familiar genre pictures, but by his portraits. If he chanced to touch the elemental crowd with the one class of work, he was equally successful in his appeal to the higher emotions of more refined, more subtle, minds with the other. Looking round the Academy's walls, at the works of the coming generation, one wonders how much of the promise so plentifully displayed will reach a similar maturity. For the present, it is enough to say that, in regard to portraiture especially, he will be very sadly missed. The portraiture, this year, is neither very remarkable nor very encouraging. Mr. Sargent has imposed a self-denying ordinance on himself, and sends only landscapes. Professor Herkomer strives honestly to say in four portraits what might, without lessening the sum of his artistic contribution, have been compressed into one. Sir Luke Fildes, Mr. Cope, Mr. Oules, Mr. J. J. Shannon, they are all here, all providing works that are veritable bulwarks of the British artistic constitution. Society and the Services are adequately represented in their accustomed numbers, in their accustomed dinginess or splendor of raiment. Sir Edward Poynter has executed a portrait of the King for the Academy's own. Somebody else has painted another portrait of the King. The roll-call grows monotonous. Mr. Charles Sims—well, Mr. Sims has, at any rate, an unconventional portrait in his "Mrs. Hayes Sadler." Pictorially, too, the color justifies its courage; it is little less than lovely; grace and spontaneity mark the action of the fluttering lady. Mr. Sims has undoubtedly increased his mastery over movement. But Millet's maxim recurs, and one feels one must not be misled by an attraction that may prove to be transient. What is there behind this art of Mr. Sims's? When he exhibited his "Island Festival," there were those who saw in the picture, despite occa-

sional awkwardnesses in its composition, and uncertainties in its drawing, signs of a lyric imagination that might produce valuable fruit. Since then Mr. Sims has given us much pleasing work, especially the delicious Shakespearean conceit that was shown last year. But there has been nothing Titanic—we are not referring to the size of canvas—in these more recent conceptions, nor is there anything of that quality in this year's exhibits. The "Mrs. Hayes Sadler," as we said, is charming and original; but it is necessary to remember that the originalities of to-day are too often the conventions of to-morrow, and that the most winsome creations of the brush in the—to borrow one of Mr. Sims's own titles—"tumble, froth, and fun" style are liable to wax gross on popularity. Mr. Sims, the artist, though now an Associate, is still in the making, and his development is of more than ordinary interest; we should be sorry to see him settle down to the production of mere conceits or improvisations. The improviser, as Titian said, never makes fine poetry.

The ripe and finished mastery of Mr. Sargent, transferred from the portrait to the landscape section, is best realised in his amazing "Glacier Streams" plunging in cascades along beds of slaty rock. By different methods to those of Monet, he has reached an equally powerful illusion of blazing blue sky and radiant sunlight, and the picture, a mere objective study, as it really is, leads the landscapes as easily as a Sargent portrait was wont to lead the portraits. "Objective," perhaps, is a misleading word to use of Mr. Sargent's work. For objectiveness, strung to such a fine pitch as in this instance, takes on a new significance; it becomes, like subjectiveness, an expression of individuality. There is a further question—that of decorativeness, usually considered a valuable quality in a landscape. "Glacier Streams" is not decorative in the same sense as, say, Mr. East's careful and enormously dignified "Autumn in the Valley of the Seine." At the same time, it would be rash to assert that Mr. Sargent is blind to the decorative side of Nature. He has too great a sense of form for that. He sees her from a different standpoint; but the decorativeness that is always in Nature for those who have eyes is, nevertheless, seized and registered by his sub-conscious effort. Constable's pictures are often decorative; but Constable did not set out to paint a decoration, but to reproduce the solidity of the earth, the airy spaciousness of the sky, the tremble of the dew upon the leaves. So "Glacier Streams" abides in the memory while other landscapes of this Academy, many of them excellent and accomplished landscapes, fade and grow dim. There remain Mr. Abbey's "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," meant for a decoration, but in decorative achievement hardly justifying its stupendous size; Mr. G. W. Lambert's "Holyday in Essex," which is, by turns, reminiscent of Velasquez's early manner and the late Charles Furse's later one; Mr. George Henry's between-the-lights, "The Nightingale"; and the sculpture section. Each of the pictures mentioned would provide a text for a sermon; while the sculpture museum—one really cannot call it an exhibition—may be said to be as representative of what is being done by work-a-day British sculptors as the confined spaces of the Lecture Room and Central Hall allow. The rather meaningless array of sketch models and regiments of portrait busts are interrupted by some few works of imaginative power—not many, perhaps, but enough to show a healthy undercurrent of talent. The latter suffice, at any rate, to emphasise the growing need of a place where they can be seen.

Letters from Abroad.

BRIAND'S IRON ROD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—M. Briand deserves careful attention, not only as French Premier, but as an individual politician; his development is a wonderful lesson in skilful—though

not overscrupulous—tactics, and eminently representative. It may be worth while to examine the use he made of the opportunity offered him by the concurrence of the First of May with the campaign for the election.

During the period between 1900 and 1907, the First of May was a nightmare to the Government as well as to the *bourgeoisie*. The latter feared famine, plunder, and conflagration; the former knew that street-disturbances have often given rise to questions in Parliament which can never be answered satisfactorily. Throughout the Combes Government, the part played by the Socialists in the Chamber was predominant. M. Jaurès in those days commanded some seventy votes which the Cabinet could not do without, and his intelligence and flexibility, together with that power, made him a much greater man than most Ministers. He was, moreover, or was supposed to be, backed by a rising influence, the General Confederacy of Labor, the numbers and organisation of which were unknown to most Frenchmen, and which this mysteriousness made the more formidable. Half-a-dozen desperate leaders were the council whose pleasure might deprive France at a few hours' notice of light, means of communication, and even bread.

The very existence of this body was illegal. The trade unions had a regular legislation to stand on, but the federations of unions had never been considered, and, at all events, their rôle was to be strictly limited to professional purposes and had nothing to do with politics—above all, politics of an avowedly revolutionary character. Every now and then M. Ribot or M. Aynard would point out the danger of suffering such a barrel of powder in the heart of an inflammable city, and the anomaly of its being tolerated in a semi-official building like the Labor Exchange. But the Government was in that state of mind when one thinks it best to trust the very object by which one is frightened, and M. Jaurès would answer from his seat that democracy was best checked by its own wisdom. M. Briand, at that period, was one of his best lieutenants and did not grudge him applause. There came a change when it was simultaneously discovered that France was on the eve of a war with Germany, and that the Army and Navy were in an evident state of inferiority. M. Rouvier steeled himself to take the apparently cowardly step of throwing M. Delcassé overboard, and began to say frankly that it was high time that the responsible body should govern and not be governed. M. Jaurès agreed with him in trying every means to stave off the war, but he felt that this repeated affirmation of the necessity of a strong hand meant the end of his influence. He felt it even more when, after the General Election of 1906, M. Clemenceau became Prime Minister, and there was no doubt that the separation of the Government and the Socialists was an accomplished fact, when, in the very first sitting of the Chamber, the new Premier stated his views, which amounted to a moderate Socialism without any Socialist interference. All the tendencies which had been at work in the country during the previous years were then crystallised, and the interests of parties and individuals underwent a redistribution. The Radicals who used to be Socialists of a paler shade became the champions of order, and even among Socialists there were startling secessions. None more so than M. Briand's, who accepted office in the new Cabinet and was solemnly excommunicated by his friends.

But though there was thus open war in Parliament, M. Clemenceau did not like to use what was soon termed *la manière forte* in the daily occurrences outside. On the contrary, he enjoined patience and the utmost leniency on the prefect of the Pas de Calais during the coal-miners' strikes, and it was only when the troops had had their forbearance taxed to the utmost that he gave the order to charge. The same method was used at Draveil, where eventually there was considerable bloodshed. In Paris itself the Prime Minister avoided every appearance of too much severity. On the first of May, for instance, the city would be full of troops, but they were stationed up courts and alleys, where their sight could give no offence. The fact is that M. Clemenceau and all his Cabinet had no fear of strikers, but were mortally afraid of the heads of the

syndicates at the Labor Exchange. This timidity appeared chiefly on two occasions. The first was when the notorious Pataud cut off the electricity in Paris for two or three nights, and prevented, not only the regular lighting of the town by lamps, but its mental enlightenment by newspapers. The second was the never-to-be-forgotten postal strike. The first impulse of so hasty a man as M. Clemenceau was naturally to revenge society on a few well-known ringleaders, foremost of whom was M. Pataud. But Pataud remained unmolested, and though, after the postal strike, a certain number of officials were dismissed, the feeling of complete helplessness had been so great in Parliament, and in the Cabinet, that M. Briand, then Minister of Justice, delivered, in a small provincial town, a speech which went far beyond the French frontiers, and in which he bowed to the now undisputed power of the syndical organisation, confessing that no Government could henceforth ignore their claims and influence, and expressly stating that they ought to have representatives in the legislating bodies. For weeks the Press was full of comments upon these utterances, and of conjectures as to the future arrangements regarding the corporations.

Now, if you take up yesterday's newspapers, you will find that the same Briand, whose lucid, searching intellect had divined the place to be held in to-morrow's society by the corporations, and—implicitly—by the General Confederacy of Labor, called in twenty thousand men to reinforce the fifty thousand of the Paris garrison, on the first of May, and prevented, by main force, a harmless manifestation of workmen. They had been planning to meet in the Bois de Boulogne and march into Paris, but regiments were ready to stop them from doing that much or that little. Hardly five months ago twenty thousand men were allowed to make a manifestation of a dangerously international character on the occasion of Ferrer's death. The Socialist papers then exulted; to-day the Conservative "Echo de Paris" speaks of the police-hunted wretches in shockingly open language. What has happened?

Just this: the postal officials, helped by Pataud, tried to provoke another strike and failed; the said Pataud himself failed in repeating his joke of cutting off the light; the Confederacy of Labor have parted company with the Socialist *bourgeois* in the Chamber, and speak derisively of M. Jaurès; even among the leaders of the Confederacy there have been disagreements resulting in divisions, and in the resignation of their chief man or head secretary. All of which seems to tell that the Deputies had been frightened by a bugbear, and M. Briand was too much in a hurry to anticipate the rôle of the syndicates in a reformed society.

Whereupon, the General Election supervening, and it appearing by the first ballot that the Socialists are not gaining much, and that the *bourgeois* Radicals still hold the field, M. Briand thinks fit to show the latter what a good boy he is, and the country at large what an iron-handed ruler he can be, and the electorate what an excellent chief he will prove for a Radical majority. If anybody had said to M. Briand, a year ago, that he would conduct the election against the Socialists, and improve the first of May in order to demonstrate to the country the quick waning of the Labor power, he would not have contradicted it—for no man knows better what mutations changed conditions may effect in men—but he would have been surprised indeed.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST DIMNET.

Paris, May 3rd, 1910.

Communications.

THE ISSUE WITH THE LORDS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In some ancient states there was a law that, when faction ran high, every citizen must take his side. We have no such law. But I think it desirable, in a great political crisis, that we should act as though we

had. And I hope I shall not be thought to be attaching undue weight to my opinion if I venture to ask your permission to set forth in your columns the reasons for which I support the policy of the present Government.

I begin with the question of the financial veto of the House of Lords. Whether or no the rejection of the Budget of 1909 was "unconstitutional," I do not propose to argue. I have myself no doubt that it was, in the only sense in which that word has any meaning as applied to English conditions. And I believe that that is the view that would have been taken, before the introduction of the Budget, by every competent student of constitutional law and history. That some distinguished authorities are now of the opposite opinion shows only how indefinite is the conception of the Constitution, and how much at the mercy of every gust of prejudice or passion. There is, indeed, I suspect, no constitutional "convention" which would not be repudiated in theory, if it were successfully violated in practice. But though I hold that the action of the Lords was "unconstitutional"—in the same sense that the use of the Royal Veto would be "unconstitutional"—I do not think that that in itself is sufficient to condemn it. The Constitution was made for the nation, not the nation for the Constitution. Its lack of rigidity is one of its chief merits, and it is by being stretched, or by being "broken"—the distinction is one of degree—that it adapts itself to new conditions. We have to ask ourselves, therefore, not merely whether the action of the Lords was unconstitutional, but whether the change of the Constitution, which would result if that action were endorsed, is, or is not, one that we approve. What that change would be is not, in my opinion, open to dispute. Once let it be established that the House of Lords has not merely a legal, but a constitutional, right to reject a Budget, and the centre of power shifts away from the Commons and towards the Lords. A Government becomes responsible, not to one, but to both Houses; for it can be dismissed in any year by an adverse vote of the hereditary Chamber. This contention is so obvious that no answer to it has been attempted, except the assertion that the power claimed and exercised in 1909 would, in fact, be seldom, if ever, exercised again. But to argue thus shows a misapprehension of the way in which our constitution develops. It develops "from precedent to precedent." Each successful assertion of a power makes the next assertion easier; until what was originally a doubtful innovation, or even a usurpation, becomes, by mere repetition, an established right.

Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour may be perfectly sincere when they say that the rejection of the Budget will not be "drawn into a precedent." But they cannot pledge the future, nor prevent causes from producing their effects. And, indeed, is it possible that men so intelligent and so experienced really hold that the future Budgets of Liberal Governments will be more acceptable to the Lords than the one rejected in 1909? That Mr. Lloyd George is a kind of political freak, representing no real forces and tendencies in the country? And that the new finance can be headed off by a single bold demonstration, never again to disturb the calm of hereditary legislators? Surely no one who has watched social and political developments, at home and abroad, can be under any such illusion. The new finance has come to stay; and the same reasons that led the Lords to reject the Budget of 1909 will lead them to reject future Budgets, if they be left with the legal power to do so. So far, the issue before the country is plain. Is the Constitution to be so changed that Governments, henceforth, are to depend upon the House of Lords as well as upon the House of Commons; or is the existing convention, that they depend only upon the House of Commons, to be safeguarded by written law? That is the exact point involved in the resolution dealing with the financial veto.

The second resolution raises a different and a more controversial issue. It proposes, not to preserve, but to modify, the existing Constitution, and to increase

the powers of the Commons at the expense of those of the Lords. Much of the controversy upon this resolution has taken the form of a general discussion as to the value of a Second Chamber, and its proper constitution and function. Such controversy, I would suggest, however interesting it may be to students of political science, does not help us much in the present crisis. We have to consider the position of this particular country in this particular phase of its development. We have two parties representing two opposed and incompatible policies. With one of these parties the House of Lords is in permanent sympathy; to the other it is in permanent antagonism. To ignore this concrete situation, and to talk about Second Chambers in general, is to evade the real issue. We have to ask ourselves with which party and which policy we are prepared to identify ourselves. Are we Unionists, and, therefore, House of Lords men? Or are we Liberals, and House of Commons men? What does the House of Lords stand for? What does Liberalism, or, at any rate, the new Liberalism, stand for? To this question, with your permission, I will address myself in my next letter.—Yours, &c.,

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

May 3rd, 1910.

Letters to the Editor.

THE CROWN AND THE CRISIS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The weighty and timely letter of Mr. John Ellis in last week's *NATION* is deserving of very careful consideration. I heartily concur with every word of it. We are on the eve of the greatest Constitutional crisis of modern times, and it is of the gravest importance that the issue should be placed fairly and squarely before the people. I agree with Mr. Ellis that all reference to the Crown should be kept out of the discussion of the issue, which is, whether this country is to be controlled by the House of Lords—an oligarchy—or by the people through their elected representatives to the House of Commons. This is the plain issue, and I respectfully urge it is incumbent upon the Liberal Party and its Press to keep this clearly before the people. As Mr. Ellis justly remarks, the Tories "will cloud" the issue by all sorts of absurd statements about attacks on the Crown and the like. The Liberal workers throughout the country will do well to drive the land issue into the minds of the people, and I do not doubt the final verdict will be against the Lords. When this has been given clearly and decisively, the course will be quite plain; either the Lords will accept the Veto Bill (which I venture to say they will do) or the Crown will exercise its clear duty, and, until then, any reference to the Crown is, in my opinion, unnecessary and uncalled for.—Yours, &c.,

J. H.

May 4th, 1910.

THE FUNCTIONS OF A SECOND CHAMBER.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am sorry that, in all the discussions on the reform of the Second Chamber, I have seen no attempt to deal with the question of a possible reform of its *functions*, which might follow, with advantage, a reform of its composition. Yet, I think there are many of us who feel that the present system of Cabinet Government involves, in certain important matters, a far more practical restraint on popular liberty than the House of Lords can ever produce. Neither foreign affairs nor Indian administration or legislation are really controlled by the House of Commons. This is, no doubt, partly due to the apathy of the House of Commons on these subjects. But is it not also due (indeed, may not that apathy be due?) to the want of publicity in the management of these matters? A Foreign Secretary and a Secretary for India seem to be left so much to their own devices by a Cabinet and a House of Commons interested in Budgets, Veto questions, or land reforms, that we are committed to unsavory alliances, defiant policies

leading to war, or Indian Press Acts and deportations, before the public attention has even been called to the matter. Would not a Second Chamber, elected from men of some experience and interest in these matters, and *debating in public*, be likely to come to more satisfactory conclusions than an irresponsible Foreign Secretary and an Indian Secretary, under the control of Anglo-Indian officials, but scarcely ever checked by more independent and unprejudiced opinion?

I heartily wish that this question had been called attention to by someone of more weight on such matters than I can claim; but perhaps when the question is once raised, others will be found to work out the details of such a plan as that which I have hinted at.—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

May 2nd, 1910.

"THE BLUE BIRD."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I was really only concerned with the attitude of the women who saw "The Blue Bird" played. I never imagined but that the men would like Mytyl; she presents exactly that type of young person which is most soothing and most hallowed by tradition. But since three champions for Maeterlinck and Mytyl have appeared, perhaps you will allow me the space of a few lines in which to notice their remarks.

In reply to M. de Mattos, may I say that I have by no means made my first acquaintance with Maeterlinck through "The Blue Bird." I believe I have read or seen played pretty nearly everything he has written. In particular, I had the good fortune to be present at the memorable first performance of "Monna Vanna," with Madame Maeterlinck in the title rôle, before a small but remarkable audience.

As for your other two correspondents, do they not answer each other very aptly? One says that Maeterlinck wishes "to use the boy as a symbol of the resourceful, aggressive and progressive, questioning and conquering spirit in Man." The other protests (Mr. Miller will perhaps pardon any roughness in the application, since neither method nor style are my own) against "the obtuseness of people who must find serious characterisation, a symbolical meaning, or a sermon in all parts of such a play." "The Blue Bird" is "a phantasy, free and playful," "slight and graceful," . . . "a delicious floating web of fancy."

It seems to me that both these gentlemen are right. In this play Maeterlinck is sometimes serious, sometimes merely playful. I am only sorry that, between the two stools of reason and unreason, the character of Mytyl somehow falls to the ground.

As for that lack of common sense that "A. E. T." so feelingly deplores, I have always believed that part of Maeterlinck's power lies in the demand he makes for uncommon sense in his readers and hearers.—Yours, &c.,

GRACE RHYS.

May 3rd, 1910.

[This correspondence must now close.—Ed., *NATION*.]

MR. ROOSEVELT ON THE PRESS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—You have rendered such excellent service in exposing the viciousness of a certain section of the Press, that I venture to ask you to be so indulgent as to allow me to quote the following passage from Mr. Roosevelt's speech at the Sorbonne, which has escaped notice at the hands of the daily Press:—

"The power of the journalist is great, but he is entitled neither to respect nor admiration because of that power, unless it is used aright. He can do, and he often does, great good. He can do, and he often does, infinite mischief. Offences against taste and morals, which are bad enough in a private citizen, are infinitely worse if made instruments for debauching the community through a newspaper. Mendacity, slander, sensationalism, insanity, vapid triviality, all are potent factors for the debauchery of the public mind and conscience. The excuse advanced for vicious writing, that the public demand it, and that the demand must be supplied, can no more be admitted than if it were advanced by the purveyors of food who sell poisonous adulterations."

That is so well and strongly put, that I should be very

sorry to weaken it by adding a single word of my own.—
Yours, &c.,

R. W. J.

April 30th, 1910.

THE BANAL IN MUSIC.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I thought, till I read Mr. Bernard Shaw's last letter, that we all knew what banality in music meant. Now that he brings the charge against the motive of the Hallelujah Chorus, it seems quite clear that we do not; and it becomes worth while to try and find out exactly what we do mean. Now, one of the great mysteries, perhaps the greatest mystery, about music is the power that a composer has of impressing his personality on a melody. I doubt whether any mere musical analysis can exhibit the difference in quality between, say, a Christy-minstrel melody and a melody of Purcell's. In the one case the music, at most, gives but a superficial pleasure (there is nothing actually unpleasing in the best of these melodies); in the other, what Mrs. Browning might have called the "piercing sweet" of Purcell's air almost amounts to pain in its poignancy. Yet both may be equally simple, and no different law governing the intervals be discoverable. This is a mystery. One man's musical personality, if I may use the phrase, may be grand, another's exquisite, a third merely pleasant, a fourth unpleasant and even repulsive. The absolutely repulsive is the banal, the vulgar; and the banality of a man's musical personality can impress itself on his music in some no less mysterious way than the delicate feeling of Purcell is impressed. This is why the music-hall song is terrible, and not because it transgresses any known law of musical composition. Now, if this is the history of banality, is it possible that the motive of the Hallelujah Chorus can be banal? The thing is absurd. Whatever crimes Handel may be convicted of, vulgarity never has been, and never can be, one of them. Besides, I entirely subscribe to Mr. Newman's dictum that the motive is too short to be vulgar. Joy, grief, elation, depression may perhaps be indicated in a short phrase of three or four notes; but there is simply not room within those limits to develop a mental state of such complexity as vulgarity. One can only conclude that Mr. Shaw has spoken without reflection.

He also shows want of critical acumen by his use of "banality" and "commonplace" as convertible terms. They are nothing of the sort. They are related to one another as, in mathematics, a minus quantity is related to zero. The commonplace is nonentity, the banal is something worse. The plus quantity in music is, of course, good music, which is either beautiful in itself, or on which is impressed a fine or, at the least, a pleasant personality: then, there is music on which has been impressed no character or personality at all—this is the commonplace, with its zero value; there is, finally, bad music, which is either simply ugly, or, worst of all, has a vulgar (musical) personality behind it—this is the minus quantity in music. Not all ugly music is banal. Ugliness may be attained in a variety of ways; for instance, by following the one bit of bad advice that Sir Edward Elgar gave in his otherwise admirable inaugural address at Birmingham, when the composer with the presumably commonplace mind was told to strive after originality. We should then see the difference between the effects produced spontaneously by genius, and by such unhappy effort. The one has surprises in store for us, but they are justified; he proves his case, and we experience a delightful shock. The other also has his surprises, frigidly calculated. He also administers a shock to us, but it is not delight. The best advice for the commonplace composer is not to compose; the second best, to be content with his natural commonplace. There are plenty of people who admire the commonplace in music; and commonplace is not necessarily banality, as Mr. Shaw seems to think.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE HOOKHAM.

A REFORMERS' VERSE BOOK.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—We want a "Reformers' Verse Book," a book which shall be at once a treasure-house of beauty and an armory of spiritual weapons ranged ready to the hand of

anyone who would either quicken the feeling for universal brotherhood, or advocate or oppose a specific "reform."

In making this compilation, I realise more and more that it cannot be the work merely of one man or of one party in the State. It must represent the people as a whole. To your readers, then, of every shade of opinion, I appeal for titles or copies of any poems, old or new, which they think suitable for the book. Those who wish contributions to be returned should enclose stamped addressed envelope.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD EILOART.

"Walden," Ditton Hill, Surbiton,
May 2nd, 1910.

THE FLOGGING OF JUVENILE OFFENDERS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is to be hoped the Home Office will see its way to prevent the possibility of similar sentences being passed on juvenile offenders as that of the recent and notorious case at Haywards Heath. Great indignation has been aroused against the severity of punishment inflicted for so trifling an offence. But the case does not stand alone. When the Children's Bill was before the House of Commons, the Home Office was informed of the drastic treatment ordered by magistrates to be inflicted on boys for first offences in various parts of the country. At Newcastle (Staffs) a child was ordered a flogging for taking 4d. worth of marmalade, and similarly, at the Bath County Police-court, a boy was ordered a flogging for taking four hen's eggs, valued 4d. Many like instances could be given.

Flogging magistrates have had better examples set them by their colleagues on the Bench in many parts of the country. A short time previous to the Probation Bill becoming law, it was revealed by official figures that in England and Wales 346 petty courts had dealt with all their juvenile cases (over 3,000) without ordering a single sentence of flogging, and also in Scotland 166 courts had done likewise. When the Probation of Offenders Bill was passing through the House of Commons, Lord Gladstone stated that it was designed to be of special advantage, and to provide better means than flogging in dealing with juvenile offenders, and without inflicting punishment in the first instance or for the first offence.—Yours, &c.,

LEWELLYN W. WILLIAMS,
Hon. Sec. of the Society for the Reform of School
Discipline, Cathcart, Glasgow.

IN A GERMAN LIBRARY.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—On entering the free public library here (Jena) to-day, the first thing that caught my eye in the room set apart "for young people" was a chart of the relative strength of the navies of Europe, headed by England, with a tonnage of 1,395, while Germany only figured at 538. If this is the case, is it not hard to account for the scare of a German invasion?

Two other features of this excellently arranged library may interest some of your readers. In the same room for youthful readers were charts showing the effects of alcoholism on crime, employment, and health, and in an upper room, containing magazines and pamphlets, were one or two advocacies of the rights of women, one on woman's suffrage, embellished (probably by the young German male) with question marks and notes of exclamation. Nevertheless, the fact of these publications being admitted shows that the woman movement is penetrating to the fastnesses of German domesticity. The special paragraph which roused these satiric comments on the margin was to the effect that it was now time that the ancient Teutonic ideal of woman as the equal and comrade of man should be renewed. The "marriage of comradeship," the writer remarked, barely existed as yet, but was a very desirable ideal. In some ways (as unconsciously shown forth by the unknown commentator) modern German towns are a retrogression from the ancient German forests!—Yours, &c.,

DOROTHEA HOLLINS.

Jena, April 22nd, 1910.

THE BATTLE OF THE SCHOOLS IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The friends of France will be glad to hear from Mr. Robert Dell that a small band of Intellectuals are going to raise the country out of the muddy waters of materialism. Optimism is a glorious thing, but has not the age of miracles gone by? France has discarded the life-worship of God for the real worship of Mammon. In Paris, I see art, music, drama kept alive by the shrieks of the puffers. Social progress is measured by commercial success, and motor cars, flying machines, and other death-dealing inventions are hailed by the people as divine inspirations.

Mr. Dell admits that the practising Catholics are in a very small minority in the schools. Then what becomes of the neutrality plea? Let me remind Mr. Dell that Catholic education has not always been detrimental. The Church of Rome, at one time, fostered imperishable art, so it must be admitted that her influence has contributed to the refinement of the world. What is modern France going to bequeath to posterity?—Yours, &c.,

DOUGLAS FOX-PITT.

War Coppice, near Caterham, Surrey,
April 26th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

MONSIEUR,—Une fois déjà il m'a été donné de faire la preuve des sentiments de large tolérance qui animent la direction de votre intéressante revue par la publication d'une lettre que je vous adressai, sur la lutte qui se mène à l'heure actuelle autour de l'école en France. Je me permets de venir faire un nouvel appel au principe de libre discussion, en vous priant de bien vouloir insérer ces nouvelles remarques sur la réponse que Mr. Robert Dell a faite à ma lettre, dans votre numéro du 9 avril.

Avec plaisir je trouve sous sa plume qu'il est l'ennemi de tous les "attempts to mould the character of children," et je lis aussi avec satisfaction qu'il est d'accord avec moi pour reconnaître que l'attitude des catholiques français est justifiée, si l'école laïque a vraiment, en fait, servi souvent à éduquer la jeunesse dans un "anti-religious sense." M. Viviani, un ministre actuel, ne disait-il pas: "Nous n'avons jamais eu d'autre dessein que de faire une université anti-religieuse. Peut-on maintenir après cela que la neutralité n'a jamais été violée!"

Le monopole de l'enseignement que certains ont réclamé sous prétexte d'unité morale a rencontré, disais-je, dans ma première lettre, l'opposition non seulement des catholiques, mais aussi d'un nombre considérable des radicaux, des socialistes et des protestants. Mr. Dell me prête la pensée directement opposée.

Que les écoles "libres" soient "responsable in large measure for irreligion and vulgar materialism," à supposer même que ce soit exact, cela prouverait la difficulté de l'éducation religieuse et morale; mais cela ne me paraît millement démontrer que le meilleur moyen pour combattre l'irreligion et l'immoralité serait l'établissement d'un système philosophique anti-religieux et amoral.

Les droits de la communauté au point de vue de l'éducation des futurs citoyens de la nation sont indéniables. Mais comment, sans renouveler l'organisation de l'état antique où l'empereur était à la fois Pontifex Maximus, général et administrateur suprême, refuser aux parents le droit de faire élever leurs enfants dans une croyance ou dans une philosophie qu'ils considèrent être la seule force efficace qui rendra leur vie noble et généreuse. Le père ne manquerait-il pas à son devoir d'homme et de citoyen s'il privait ainsi son fils de ce qu'il croit être la vérité?

Je ne sache pas que, même en matière religieuse, une doctrine autre que celle de l'obéissance à la voix de la conscience, même erronée, ait été soutenue par un théologien catholique. Je ne sache pas non plus qu'un homme informé des questions religieuses prête à l'Eglise l'enseignement que la Genèse doit être considérée d'une historicité littérale absolue et que le monde ait été réellement créé en six jours de vingt-quatre heures. Je ne sache pas que, dans une société divisée, l'Eglise se déclare en faveur d'une politique de monopoles et de privilèges au profit de son enseignement.

Mais ce que je sais bien c'est que par la voix de

Léon XIII. elle a clairement exprimé que ce qu'elle réclamait c'était tout simplement le droit commun; ce que je sais bien c'est qu'un gouvernement catholique en Belgique permet un enseignement libre-penseur et des manifestations socialistes que jusqu'à ces derniers temps le gouvernement français ne laissait pas toujours se dérouler librement; ce que je sais bien c'est que les catholiques américains n'ont jamais fait étalage que d'une seule méthode et ne se sont appuyés dans toute leur action que sur un seul principe: la liberté.

La répartition proportionnelle du budget de l'instruction publique, au prorata du nombre des élèves, dans chaque école, tel est projet de l'avenir. Ce système a fait ses preuves en maint pays, en Angleterre notamment, et c'est le bon.

Mr. Robert Dell ne veut pas des directions politiques du Vatican, il n'est apparemment pas partisan du "gouvernement des curés," il ne veut pas de cléricisme religieux. Qu'il me permette de lui dire que je n'en veux pas davantage que lui-même, et que l'Eglise elle-même est la première à affirmer, selon la parole de Pie X., que "sur les questions qui ne touchent pas à la religion, la liberté du catholique est illimitée."

Rien n'est plus douloureux à mon sens que de voir cette opposition, ce conflit que l'on déclare exister entre le catholicisme et la république. Ah! si pour vous la voix de l'Eglise s'exprime par les déclarations de quelques journalistes réactionnaires, ou de quelques feuilles anticléricales, nul doute qu'il n'y ait incompatibilité entre les deux. Chaque fois qu'en France ou à l'étranger j'ai entendu une telle affirmation j'ai senti se soulever mon âme de jeune démocrate indépendant. Quoi alors la république c'est le cléricisme religieux renversé, c'est-à-dire, le cléricisme politique qui veut imposer une philosophie anti-religieuse comme condition de républicanisme, quoi la république ce serait une secte confessionnelle sous couleur d'un idéal politique que j'aime, quoi la république ne pourrait exister que par le maintien perpétuel de guerres d'anti-religion. Si la république était cela elle ressemblerait trop à l'ancien régime, elle ne serait qu'un parti religieux se servant du pouvoir des lois pour imposer ses vues philosophiques, et je ne serais pas un républicain.

Quant à réduire l'Eglise au rôle de gendarme réactionnaire, c'est méconnaître qu'elle est une société spirituelle et non un parti, le moyen, pour un catholique, de réaliser l'idéal chrétien et non pas la force occulte qui démolit les ministères politiques.

Il n'y a, en France, de possibilité que pour une république large, fraternelle, ouverte à tous, donnant à tous les citoyens "fair play," orientée vigoureusement vers les réformes économiques, favorisant l'ascension démocratique des masses, reposant sur le principe du respect de la liberté de conscience. Voilà pourquoi qu'elles que soient les fautes qui aient été commises à droite comme à gauche, la jeune génération qui monte à la vie travaillera, non pas à maintenir en tout et pour tout une république conservatrice sous la forme radicale actuelle, mais à hâter l'avènement de la seule république capable d'entraîner tous les enthousiasmes généreux et de satisfaire toutes les aspirations de liberté et de justice fraternelle qui battent dans son cœur: la république française.

HENRI BARRAL.

27, Crescent Road, Brockley, S.E.
Londres, ce 2 mai, 1910.

A SUFFRAGE OPPORTUNITY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Writing last week on the coming struggle between Lords and people, you remarked with complacency that "the people to-day have not resorted to violence," and Sir Rufus Isaacs, Mr. Birrell, and many other Liberal speakers have pointed out the same feature of the agitation. Sir Rufus Isaacs, indeed, went so far as to explain the reason. Speaking at Whitechapel on the 21st, he said: "The days are past for rioting, and we do not need to have recourse to bloodshed or violence to carry out our schemes of reform, because we have a fairly good franchise, which is an assurance that the will of the people in these democratic days must prevail." On the following day a leading Liberal newspaper crossed the "t's" and dotted the "i's." The "West-

minster Gazette," commenting on the speech, remarked: "The fact that there has been no violence and disorder should be a matter for satisfaction. We think this is a very important point, and we commend it to the defenders of the Peers. *Formerly, when the great mass of the people were voteless, they had to do something in order to show what they felt. To-day the elector's bullet is his ballot.*" Here we have the whole thing in a nutshell; until the bullets of the people were replaced by ballots, they had to have recourse to bloodshed and violence in order to carry out their schemes of progress and reform, but now that "we have a fairly good franchise," these methods of violence have been rendered unnecessary.

But how about that half of the community which is unable to choose its representatives "fairly and freely at the poll"? How about the women of the country? Surely the oft-reiterated fact that the elector's bullet is his ballot will be taken as a direct incitement to renew those actions with which we have been only too familiar during the last three or four years. Will it be surprising if the advocates of woman suffrage again have recourse to methods of violence? After the speeches lately delivered by Liberal leaders they could hardly be blamed for doing so! A correspondent in your issue of last week suggests that the Government employ the few weeks that must elapse before the next General Election in passing into law a Woman's Enfranchisement Bill. Here is a perfectly practical solution of the difficulty. The Government can very well afford to take this course, and if they do so, they will not only re-establish and re-affirm those principles of liberty which are at the very basis of Liberalism, but they will gain the enthusiastic support, in their coming struggle with the Lords, of thousands of women who are, at the present time, standing aloof from the fight for the sake of their sex. The Liberal Government have presented to them a golden opportunity; it is for them to seize it. A truce is now being observed by the women Suffragists; it is for the Liberal Government to turn this temporary truce into a peace, an honorable and, therefore, a lasting peace.—Yours, &c.,

MARY D. HOME.

7, Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington,
April 26th, 1910.

THE COMPARATIVE STUDY OF RELIGION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I draw attention to the following, which seems to me to underlie your careful review of Mohr's "Encyclopædia of Religion"? A single sentence will illustrate what I mean:—

"In an encyclopædia such as Hertzog's . . . the articles on Christian dogma are written by scholars who are in some cases more anxious to defend a traditional dogma than to set forth historic truth."

Surely there is a fallacy in this suggested opposition. For example, the whole structure of Christianity rests, among other facts, upon the historic truth of the Resurrection. On the one hand, no theologian could sincerely expound Christian doctrine without treating the Resurrection as a fact. On the other hand, it is inconceivable that any historian should investigate the evidence without having his beliefs influenced by his conclusions (even supposing it were possible for him to start with an open mind). In other words, Christianity, whether it be right or wrong, is not a mere matter of "religious consciousness," but stands or falls with the reality of a certain Divine interposition in the affairs of the world at a definite historical date. These facts are essential, "else," as St. Paul puts it, "is our preaching vain." That being so, an impartial investigation into the evidence is humanly impossible, even if it were desirable. Facts upon which the whole fabric of Christianity depends cannot be investigated as if they were a mere antiquarian curiosity, such as the exact site of King Charles I.'s execution.

The truth is that the study of comparative religion can never be a science, because the essential conditions of scientific research are lacking. Science seeks the ascertainment and application of calculable laws in a definite subject-matter. In religion the subject-matter is *ex-hypothesi* infinite, and the establishment of absolute rules is incompatible with the postulate of free-will. All study of religion is bound to be dogmatic, since the assumption that

there can be a religion without dogma is itself a dogma. That being so, it is useless to ask that it be impassionately discussed. The amount of passion (I do not mean vehemence of language) thrown into any discussion depends upon what is felt to be the magnitude of the issues involved, and it is idle to ask that the facts which are the basis of a great religion should be attacked or defended with less warmth than is rightly thrown into the commonest political debate.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT A. SMITH.

3, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

Poetry.

TO FLOWERS, WET WITH RAIN.

So ye turn towards the sun
In a sweet confusion,
As Queen Venus did arise,
Or like babes in Paradise,
When as first their lips are wet
From the crystal rivulet.

TO EARTH AND SEA AND SKY: TO BEDECK HIS LADY.

PEARLS and jewels which bestrew

The Ocean's pavèment,
Roses and lilies for your hue
And violets for your scent,
And the sun-enlightened dew,

Flakes of sun on dancing streams,
And thou flying gauze
That floatest in the moonè's beams
When as the evening draws
The clouds to heaven to get their dreams,

Rains that fall with sun between,
And the retreating rain
Wi' th' rainbow, come to deck my queen,
And all yon starry train;
And she shall you all demean.

CORYDON AND PHYLLIS.

ALL among the pleasant valleys in the merry May
Corydon came courting Phyllis. "Will you love me, say,
Will you, as of old you usèd?
Love is ill to be refused;
Ask for yea or nay, my dear: but never answer nay."

On a bank of daffodillies, laughing as she lay,
"Gentle Corydon," quoth Phyllis, "hearken what I say:
Ye a foolish way have usèd,
An your heart be lightly bruised;
Ask for yea or nay, good sir: but never ask for nay."

Quoth then Corydon: "Sweet Phyllis, if you give me yea
All among the pleasant valleys you and I shall stray."
And said Phyllis, as she usèd,
"Choose you now (but I have choosèd),
Go away or stay, my dear;—prithes, shepherd, stay."

H. T. WADE-GERY.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Letters of John Stuart Mill." Edited by Hugh F. R. Elliot. (Longmans. 2 vols. 21s. net.)
 "Recollections of a Long Life." By Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse). (Murray. Vols. III. and IV. 24s. net.)
 "Venice in the Eighteenth Century." By Philippe Monnier. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "The Works of 'Fiona Macleod.'" Uniform Edition arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. Vols. II. and III.: "The Washee of the Ford" and "Under the Dark Star." (Heinemann. 5s. net each.)
 "The Naval Operations of the War between Great Britain and the United States (1812-1815)." By Theodore Roosevelt. (Sampson, Low. 6s. net.)
 "George Meek, Bath Chair-Man." By Himself. With an Introduction by H. G. Wells. (Constable. 6s.)
 "Eusapia Palladino and her Phenomena." By Hereward Carrington. (Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Heel of Italy." By M. S. Briggs. (Melrose. 8s. 6d. net.)
 "The Romance of Monaco and its Rulers." By Ethel Colburn Mayne. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)
 "The Undesirable Governess." By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan. 6s.)
 "La Vraie Education." Par Paul Gaultier. (Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50.)
 "Nos Libertés Politiques: Origines, Evolution, Etat Actuel." Par Maurice Caudel. (Paris: Colin. 5fr.)
 "L'Evolution Idéologique d'Emile Verhaeren." Par Georges Buisseret. (Paris: Mercure de France. 75c.)
 "Ruines et Paysages d'Egypte." Par G. Maspero. (Paris: Guilmoto. 6fr. 50.)

EARLY next month Messrs. Herbert and Daniel, a new firm of publishers, will issue the official biography of Cardinal Vaughan, which has been written by Mr. J. G. Snead-Cox, the editor of the "Tablet," and is largely based on the diaries and letters of the late Cardinal. The account presented of the Cardinal's career is said to be very outspoken. The story of the Papal Commission on Anglican Orders, for example, in which Cardinal Vaughan and the English Catholic hierarchy played a decisive part, will be told with a candor and detail not often found in the treatment of ecclesiastical events of so recent a date.

THE latest addition to the "Scott Library"—the earliest and one of the best of the many cheap series now on the market—is Senancour's "Obermann," which appears in a fresh translation by Mr. J. A. Barnes. This is the second English version of "Obermann," the first having been issued by Mr. A. E. Waite with a full biographical and critical introduction a few years ago. But in spite of the appearance of both renderings, we think it is a book which will always appeal only to the few. Swift said of books that "men treat them as they treat lords—they learn their titles and then boast of their acquaintance." This is especially true of "Obermann." Everybody has heard of it, and not many have read it. It was first published in 1804, but was completely ignored until 1832, when Sainte-Beuve praised it in one of his weekly articles. The following year he supplied the preface for a new edition, and seven years later a third edition was brought out, this time with a preface by George Sand. In England, attention was drawn to the book by Matthew Arnold's two poems and the prose note which he appended to one of them. "To me, indeed," he wrote, "the impressiveness of this production can hardly be rated too high." This verdict has not found general acceptance. Stevenson describes the work as a "handbook of consistent egoism," and the mood of pessimism and disillusion is expressed in so prolix a style that one soon tires of it.

"OBERMANN" formed an interesting link in the literary bond between Matthew Arnold and Sainte-Beuve. Arnold first heard of the book through the French critic. There was something, indeed, in the temperament of each which caused him to admire and praise it to an extent that most readers will think extravagant. Sainte-Beuve sent Arnold a translation he had made of the latter's verses into French prose, and received a reply in which Arnold shows himself more urbane than is usual with poets on like occasions. "I assure you," he wrote, "that I now read my poem with more pleasure in your translation than in the

original." Readers may like to see some specimens of the rendering which called forth so remarkable a compliment.

"A fever in these pages burns
 Beneath the calm they feign;
 A wounded human spirit turns
 Here, on its bed of pain.

"Yes, though the virgin mountain air
 Fresh through these pages blows,
 Though to these leaves the glaciers spare
 The soul of their white snows,

"Though here a mountain murmur swells
 Of many a dark-bough'd pine,
 Though, as you read, you hear the bells
 Of the high-pasturing kine—

"Yet, through the hum of torrent lone,
 And brooding mountain bee,
 There sobe I know not what ground tone
 Of human agony."

"Une fièvre brûle dans ces pages, et sous le calme qu'elles feignent; un esprit humain blessé se tourne et se retourne ici sur son lit de peine.

"Oui! bien que l'air vierge de la montagne souffle frais à travers ces pages; bien que les glaciers versent de loin sur ces feuillets l'âme de leurs neiges muettes;

"Bien qu'ici le murmure de la montagne s'augmente et s'enfle du bruit des sapins aux sombres ramures; bien qu'il vous semble, en lisant, entendre la cloche des vaches pâturent sur les hauteurs;

"Oui! à travers le roulement du torrent solitaire et le murmure de l'abeille des montagnes, ici sanglote je ne sais quel souterrain accent d'humaine agonie."

THE literary and historical associations of the Rhine form a rich and attractive theme, and Mr. Charles Marriott has abundance of material at his disposal for a book dealing with the Rhine, on which he is at present engaged. The names of Goethe, Schiller, and other German writers are, of course, intimately associated with the Rhine, but it may be news to some people that George Meredith lived for a time at Düsseldorf, while several other English writers have been associated with the river. In French literature it called forth three volumes from Victor Hugo, and Becker's famous "Die Wacht am Rhein," with Alfred de Musset's almost equally famous "Le Rhin Allemand," will occur to everybody.

PROFESSOR DEWEY, of Columbia University, who shares with Professor James of Harvard and Dr. Schiller of Oxford the distinction of being one of the chief exponents of the "Pragmatist" school in philosophy, has made a collection of studies which will be published shortly under the title of "The Influence of Darwin in Philosophy, and other Essays in Contemporary Thought." The list of contents includes "Consciousness and Experience," "Beliefs and Existences," "The Experimental Theory of Knowledge," "The Significance of the Problem of Knowledge," "Nature and Its Good," and "Intelligence and Morals." Most of these topics have a direct bearing upon Pragmatism, and it will be interesting to see whether Professor Dewey retreats from any of his earlier positions.

MR. G. W. E. RUSSELL has written a volume of "Retrospects," which will appear serially in the "Commonwealth." Most of Mr. Russell's books have been in some sense books of reminiscences, but they are always fresh and entertaining. Few people know more of the *coulisses* of politics and society, and he has a remarkable gift of happy and telling quotation. Judging from the instalment that has already appeared, his "Retrospects" will be largely concerned with the Whig families, the House of Russell, and ecclesiastical politics—all three subjects on which he can write with special knowledge and sympathy. Mr. Russell reminds us that though himself of Ritualistic tendencies, he is a great-great-nephew of that undeniable Protestant, Lord George Gordon, "whose icon I daily revere," and he traces his conversion from the Evangelical principles in which he was reared, to the reading of the Occasional Offices in the Prayer Book, the influence of Scott's novels, and his father's interest in Gothic architecture.

MR. FRANK HARRIS has begun a series of articles in the "English Review" on "The Women of Shakespeare." They will probably form the basis of a volume supplementary to his recent remarkable book on the story of Shakespeare's life.

Reviews.

LESSONS IN LAND REFORM *

MR. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE'S well-known study of working-class life in York, supplemented by wider investigations into the social and economic conditions of rural and urban labor, impressed him with the paramount importance of the part played by the tenure and working of land in determining working-class welfare. Recognising that much light might be thrown upon our own case by a close, unbiassed study of other countries, Mr. Rowntree, as the result of preliminary researches in France, Switzerland, and Belgium, decided to concentrate his energies upon a thorough survey of the last-named country, as most conducive to his object. For Belgium is a small country, thickly populated, with developed mining and manufacturing industries, while at the same time its agricultural conditions are such as to bring out in clear relief a number of practical experiments in small holdings and rural development, which are advocated in this country as desirable reforms. He has performed his task with great skill and thoroughness.

Taking Land Tenure as his central theme, he has been drawn by the logic of exposition, first to append a brief description and historical sketch of the country, its constitution and laws relating to real property, and afterwards to branch out into a series of interesting studies relating to the transport, industries, modes of living and social institutions of the Belgian people. Regarded in its strictly scientific aspect, it is a valuable economic interpretation of the life of the Belgian working classes, taking land as the primary factor in the determination of the evolution of industrial life. Due allowance being made for the enormous difficulties involved in a mainly statistical inquiry upon matters where, in many instances, no official figures were available, Mr. Rowntree may be congratulated upon the strength and importance of the conclusions he has been able to attain.

The salient facts may thus be indicated. Belgium, though more thickly peopled than this country, has a far larger proportion of her people living in rural conditions. The proportion of town dwellers grows very slowly as compared with ours. The chief cause of this is not the lack of natural resources for town industries, for Belgium is well provided with various minerals. The close sub-division of the land, and its cultivation almost entirely by small owners and small tenants, have kept on the soil a large proportion of the population, which in this country flows into the towns. The agricultural population per cultivated square mile is more than three times that of Great Britain, while two-thirds of the workers are farmers and only one-third laborers, most of the latter destined in course of time to take up holdings of their own. There are very few great landlords; the average farm is much smaller than here, and is much more thoroughly and productively worked. The density of population and the land-hunger it brings have forced a peasantry to practise intensive cultivation, and, by means of chemical manures and other scientific devices, to produce a yield of foodstuffs larger than that in any other European country. Both Governmental and private co-operative activities have largely contributed to maintain and develop the fruits of agriculture. State forestry is actively at work upon waste lands, the proportion of wooded land being four times as large as in Great Britain. Still more important is the fact that Belgium has the best transport system in the world. Her main railways are national property, and her light railways are financed in such a way that they will become public property at no distant time. Low rates prevail alike on railways and canals, and an extraordinarily cheap system of workmen's tickets facilitates decentralisation, and keeps large masses of town workers living in the country.

Co-operative societies for banking and agricultural insurance, as well as for dairy-work and marketing, are widely prevalent, though retail co-operation in the towns is less developed than in England. While general standards of education are low, and much illiteracy prevails, agricultural education has made great strides.

But though these important factors of rural prosperity

exist, it cannot be said that the life of the ordinary peasant is prosperous. He has to work extremely hard, his standard of comfort, often of subsistence, is very low, and he is engaged in an incessant struggle either to get more land or to pay rent on expensively hired land. His diet is poor, generally worse than that of our ordinary workers, and the drink habit is frightfully prevalent.

Something evidently prevents him from reaping the full advantages of his productive toil upon the land. Here we are brought to a most important conclusion which in itself would suffice to justify the immense labor which Mr. Rowntree has put into this volume:—

"Whether it be transport facilities, or the more intensive cultivation of the soil, or the introduction of co-operative methods, or the discovery of chemical manures, or better education in agricultural processes, the result in each case has been the same—to raise the value of the land. In the case of light railways, it is not, as a rule, the little peasant who works on the farm beside them who benefits most, nor is it the manufacturer who builds his factory, or the forester who plants his forests in districts opened up by the new lines. It is the owner of the soil who ultimately benefits, because he has the right to levy upon all of these a tax in the form of increased rent."

Even the twenty-eight per cent. of the small holders who own land usually suffer the same disability. For the minute sub-division, to which the dense population and the law of inheritance subject the land, compels most of them to try to buy or else to hire more land than they own, so as to occupy themselves and make a livelihood, and they find the rent and the price of such land continually rising. It is a fact of prime significance that the price and the rent of agricultural land, mostly poorer by nature than ours, are twice as high. This crucial example of the operation of a well-known economic law, enabling the landlord to reap the fruits of the improvements of agriculture due to private or to public energy and expenditure, is the most urgent of the lessons which this country can learn from Belgium. For we are now upon the point of adopting a policy of rural revival, by means of small holdings and public development, which, unless most explicit safeguards are contrived, will assuredly have the same result as in the case of Belgium, viz., to present the landowners gratis with the major part of the increased wealth in the shape of higher rent and higher prices. Indeed, it is a pretty clear perception of this fact that procured from the landowners so strong an approval of the "socialistic" policy embodied in Mr. Lloyd George's Development Bill. We cannot safely go far with such a policy unless agricultural land is brought under the obligation to pay increment duty, or unless some far larger scheme of public ownership than at present contemplated is adopted. Even the former of these alternatives would leave to landlords the lion's share of the unearned values. It is quite evident that in Belgium the agriculturist has not merely been robbed of the fruits of his individual and co-operative energy, but that his incentive to make the best use of his land and labor is diminished. It will be the same in this country unless care is taken, both to secure to the tenant such share of the improved value as is due to him, and to the State, through taxation, the share due to public schemes of development. Why should our taxpayers spend millions on improving roads in order to put more rent into the pockets of the owners of the neighboring land?

Hardly less valuable is the related study of Belgian conditions of town industry and life. For here we find a part explanation of the widespread preference for agriculture and other rural occupations. The economic conditions of the great mass of town workers, skilled and unskilled, are markedly inferior to those prevalent in this country. Wages, so far as comparable, are much lower, amounting in the building and the engineering trades to about half the English rates, in the mining and textile trades to less than two-thirds. The Belgian working day is considerably longer. The minimum cost of living is estimated at 28·2 per cent. lower. But since food prices are very little cheaper, this implies, as a part explanation, a cheaper selection of foodstuffs than in England. Only in one important item is the Belgian town-worker distinctly better off. The rents for working-class houses are little more than half those paid for similar accommodation in English towns. Two causes contribute to cheapen these rents. In the first place, the cost of constructing houses is far less. Into this question

* "Land and Labour: Lessons from Belgium." By B. Seebohm Rowntree. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Rowntree has entered closely, setting a building expert to work out the comparison, and he comes to the conclusion that building prices in Belgium vary from one half to three-quarters of York prices. This low cost is traced to low men's wages, large employment of boys to do what is here men's work, cheap materials and carriage, and absence of trade union restrictions. But the lower cost of building-land in Belgian towns is another contributory cause of low rents. Here we get a favorable reaction from the cheap transport and the high rural land values, which enables us to qualify the view that cheap transport passes to landlords in the shape of rising rents. While it has this tendency as regards rural land values, it has the opposite effect in town values. There is less crowding of Belgian workers in town slums, and less speculation in the holding back of city sites. Moreover, the Housing Act of 1889, a measure particularly deserving our consideration, by a machinery of local Committees and Credit Associations, enables any *bonâ-fide* worker to borrow money cheaply, in order to build himself a house. In connection with these provisions, Workmen's Dwellings Companies have been established, in which municipalities sometimes take financial part.

But though housing is thus cheapened in towns, the general standard of living is distinctly lower for industrial workers than in this country, while the economic and social position of the agriculturists is relatively better. Thus the suckage into town life is weaker. Though the hold which so large a proportion of the workers keep upon the soil helps even the poor to eke out a livelihood, and is of material assistance in abating the wastage of unemployment, neither rural nor industrial conditions for the ordinary workman are painted in bright colors. For while agriculture is cultivated with success, industrial life is ill-developed. Belgium, entering the modern field of capitalist production rather late, has turned her attention mostly to cheap and inferior lines of trade, in which profits are kept low by cut-throat competition, and in which comparatively low-grade labor can be employed. Thus, even her factory industries mostly approximate to sweated trades, the productivity of workers being somewhat low. Moreover, trade unionism, broken by religious sectarianism, has never grown strong enough to establish successfully the practice of collective bargaining, while industrial legislation for the benefit of workers is but feebly developed.

Several of the most valuable chapters in this work are devoted to detailed investigations of specific questions such as Housing, Temperance, Forestry, Light Railways, Education, and contain matter of great service to social reformers who desire to learn what foreign nations are doing to solve the same problems as confront us.

THE CHARACTER OF WILLIAM III.*

In May, 1860, when all Europe was listening for the first sound of the battle that was to decide the fate of the most romantic enterprise of a century, Lord John Russell, defending his hero, reminded the House of Commons that "we once had a great filibuster who landed in England in 1688." The allusion coupled two personalities that had singularly little in common, but it struck the note of Whig continuity, and it revealed the Whig temper at its best. The authors of the Revolution of 1688 would have been amazed if they could have seen how far the memories of that Revolution would carry their descendants. Burke's solemn appeals to the French nation not to overstep the precedents of 1688, to copy precisely its balances and checks, and to imitate its cautions and compromises, strike us as a ludicrous example of irrelevance. Yet it is really far more surprising that there should have been English aristocrats who found in that event an inspiration that encouraged their welcome to the great tidal disturbance of the French Revolution. This at least must go to the credit of the Whig Revolution, that though it established a class Government, and set the great families in power, it did in some strange way throw a kind of literary and traditional fascination over the genius of Revolution. The Whig clocks did not all stop at 1688. The spirit in which

the first English Liberals received the earthquake that shook Europe must be counted by those who consider the world in which they were bred, the ideas on which they had lived, the privileges to which they were born, one of the most striking exhibitions of civil courage in history. These Liberals thought they were merely applying to their own times the doctrines of their own glorious Revolution. In the name of Government through Parliament by aristocrats, they rejoiced in the overthrow of the ancient *régime* without asking themselves too anxiously whether its successor would be aristocratic or Jacobin. Thus, if the Revolution Families interpreted 1688 in a narrow and monopolising sense, the new Whigs interpreted those events with a generous hardihood that was little less than heroic. When little Lord John, in a happy hour for the honor of England, took the side of Garibaldi and a free Italy, he thought not only of the memories of Fox and Grey, and the French Revolution, but of Russell, and Sidney, and the English Revolution. He threw the aegis of William of Orange over the red shirt of Garibaldi.

It was right and proper that the great Whig historian should make William the Third the hero of his history. Certainly if anyone could have made the memory of William popular it would have been Macaulay. But the task was beyond even his bewitching pen, and the reason, as the interesting book now published on "The Court of William the Third" shows, is on the surface. The authors write with great enthusiasm, but not, we think, with exaggeration, of the services William rendered to England; but their description of his character and his habits and his surroundings is enough to make clear how impossible it was for him to become an English idol. The two men to whom Parliamentary Government is chiefly due, unlike in everything else, William of Orange and Robert Walpole, both illustrate the saying of Hogarth's that posterity is a bad paymaster. We are grateful for what they did, but we dole out our gratitude, and it is a gratitude quite untouched by emotion or feeling. William was not pursued in his lifetime by as bitter a hatred as that which shadowed Walpole, but it took a serious assassination conspiracy to make him popular, and the popularity he owed to Barclay and Charnock did not last long. He was not in truth quite as cold a man as he seemed, and some of the letters published in this volume which appear in print for the first time, reveal great warmth of heart towards his friends. But this was a case in which it would have been better to be than to seem a cold man, and the affection with which William regarded his Dutch comrades did not help to reconcile Englishmen to the outward indifference with which the King treated his new subjects. That displeasure showed itself with a natural heat on the subject of William's extravagant gifts of public lands to his Dutch intimates. In 1698, at a time of great distress, the Opposition in Parliament proposed to bring in a Bill vacating all grants of Crown property that had been made since the Revolution. In the state of public feeling, with a general election approaching, Ministers did not dare directly to resist the Bill, but they destroyed it by the simple device of proposing to annul in addition the grants of James the Second and Charles the Second. This would have meant restitution all round, and neither Tories nor Whigs desired to see the nation relieved at such a sacrifice. An earlier intervention had been successful in restraining a particularly flagrant project, and William, who had meant to give Portland a magnificent estate in Denbighshire, was induced by the representations of Parliament to confine his generosity to a dozen manors or so in England. We could wish, by the way, that this volume threw a little more light on those very interesting transactions. But the most famous case was the case of the grants for the forfeited Irish estates, which produced the great conflict between the two Houses in 1700, in which the House of Lords had to give way. "Of all the grants," says Macaulay, "the largest was to Woodstock, the eldest son of Portland; the next was to Albemarle. An admirer of William cannot relate without pain that he divided between these two foreigners an extent of country larger than Hertfordshire." The Bill reversing these and other grants was tacked on to the land tax, and the House of Lords, after a struggle, acquiesced, on William's own advice, rather than create a deadlock which might have ended in a national disaster.

* "The Court of William the Third." By E. and M. S. Grew. Mills & Boon. 15s. net.

William did not grow more gracious as he grew older. His life and his Court were unhappy. The Queen died when she was little over thirty, and nine years, or more than half of her married life, was spoilt by William's discomfort under the prospect of his equivocal position when Mary came to the throne. Everyone knows how the bustling and tactless Burnet covered himself with glory by dispersing that cloud, and how Mary explained, on learning that she was not by the constitution to be subordinate to her husband, that she could not have believed there was such a discrepancy between the laws of England and the laws of religion. William was quite overcome by her death, and his impassive demeanor was for once completely transformed. There was little joy or gaiety in his life. Even his Dutch friendships were not undisturbed, and for some time Bentinck was estranged from him. It was perhaps typical of his life that his mistress had a squint. He was tormented by asthma, one of the most wracking of diseases, and his frame did not match his spirit. He hated public ceremony and the open life of a Court, and was never happy in England except in his refuge at Hampton Court. England was in truth chiefly important to him as a piece in the great game he was playing on the chess board of Europe; he was before all else a good European, and though he was a chief agent in the development of full Parliamentary government, he was in some stages reluctant and hostile. He was happy in nothing, not even in his death, for though, as he remarked, there had been times when he had wished to die, the moment when his great and patient schemes for checking the ambitions of Louis XIV. were coming into effect, was the moment emphatically when he would have wished to remain alive. His Court is not an agreeable study, for there is a depressing atmosphere of jealousy and treason and small aims over it. Perhaps the most pleasing silhouette is the ample figure of Bishop Burnet, whose engaging vanity as he disported himself in a very broad shovel hat after his appointment to the Bishopric of Salisbury provoked William's remark that he hoped the hat would not turn his head, and whose qualities were described by Dryden in a bitter sketch:—

"So fond of loud report that not to miss
Of being known (his last and utmost bliss),
He rather would be known for what he is."

STUDIES IN ARCADY.*

It seems fitting that a country parson should write on Professor Jacks' book. His shepherds are not parsons, but literal shepherds, as well as farmers, shoemakers, and other characters of rustic life. Mrs. Abel, the parson's wife, may, indeed, be described as a shepherdess—"mad," no doubt, in the judgment of many—but still a true shepherdess of the flock. She is a refreshing example of the thoroughly human, unclerical and unconventional lady, sometimes, but all too rarely, to be found in remote country vicarages. It is Mrs. Abel who, by her humanity, and sympathy, and originality, penetrates the triple wall of reserve which all peasants build up round themselves, and through whom, in this delightful book, we see inside the mystical souls of her mad parishioners.

The veil which hides the life of the inarticulate peasant from the outside world has been somewhat lifted for us of late years by writers like Mr. Stephen Reynolds and Mr. George Bourne. Mr. Jacks sees further into the life of the rustic poor than even these writers do, because he possesses a religious sense which they lack. They, for instance, report the expression of the peasant's hostility to parsons, and so far, perhaps, they report truly enough; but how much more there is in his attitude to religion than that! The present book might not unfitly be called "Studies in the Religion of the English Peasant." In this respect it is most illuminating. The mad shepherds, mystics or atheists, emerge from the dim background of the ordinary life of the country poor, and show Mrs. Abel and Mr. Jacks their hearts.

The description of that background is most exact and admirable. How well I know the life which is here

* "Mad Shepherds and other Human Studies." By L. P. Jacks. Williams & Norgate. 4s. 6d. net

described! The first thing about it that must strike any observer is its extreme melancholy. Here, for example, is a description of the songs sung in Farmer Perryman's big barn at the yearly "Harvest Home":—

"I was struck by the fact that nearly all the songs were of an extremely melancholy nature—the chief objects celebrated by the Muse being withered flowers, little coffins, the corpses of sweethearts, last farewells, and helpless partings on the lonely shore. Tears flow, voices choke, hearts break, children die, lovers prove untrue. It was tragic, and I confess I could have wept myself—not at the songs, for they were stupid enough—but to think of the grey, lugubrious life whose keynote was all too truly struck by this melancholy, morbid stuff."

One of these songs, called "Fallen Leaves," is thus described:—

"Each verse began 'I saw,' and ended with the refrain:
'Fallen leaves, fallen leaves,
With woe untold my bosom heaves,
Fallen leaves, fallen leaves.'"

"'I saw,' said the song, a mixed assortment of decaying glories—among them a pair of lovers on a seat, a Christmas family party, a rose-bush, a railway accident on Bank Holiday, a rake's death-bed, a battle-field, an oak tree in its pride, and the same oak in process of being converted into a coffin for the poet's only friend. All these, and many more, the poet saw, and buried in his fallen leaves, assuring the world that his bosom heaved with woe for every one of them. . . . So it went on. Whatever jocund rebecks may have sounded in the England of long ago, they found no echo in the funeral strains of the Perryman's feast."

Et ego in Arcadia! I know those funeral ditties very well. How often have I been at the Perrymans' feast! For six mortal hours of an October night I sat yearly for seven years at a kind of high table at the end of the big barn, drinking mineral waters (not liking beer) and listening to these strains. Here were no songs of Touraine, set in a scenery of April shower and sunshine, swallows and poplars, bridges and rivers. Still, the big barn was, as it were, a bridge of Avignon, where all the village world met, not to dance, but to sing and drink in melancholy festivity. As I write I see a drabbed, hard-featured woman rise (after much pressing), announce the title of her song "Fallen Leaves," quaver forth her chant, and then when the plaintive anthem has faded, again repeat the title, "Fallen Leaves," and once more subside into her place. At this period the farmer did not himself reside in the village. When afterwards, the son, the excellent young Perryman, my friend and subsequent churchwarden, came to live there, a more genial atmosphere prevailed, at least as far as the high table was concerned. "There's nothin' like a drop o' drink for openin' doors," as the chief shepherd in Mr. Jacks' book very truly remarks. For the next five Harvest Suppers I looked thro' the gates ajar with perhaps a greater kindness, but always at the same drab scene.

Those rustics in whom any beginning of literary faculty exists turn instinctively to the churchyard for inspiration. It was but the other day that an old lady of eighty-nine, propped up in the arm-chair she never leaves, told me of a local poet of long years back, and recited specimens of his work. He began rhyming as a lad at the village school, and on receiving from the schoolmaster a present of a Bible, broke out into song on this wise:—

"The Holy Writ you gave to me,
The Bible is its name,
I am most grateful for the gift,
And thank you for the same.

"Encouraged by your kind gift,
I dedicate to you
The following lines on William Haines,
Who died not long ago."

Here the metre changed, and the poem proceeded:—

"My comrades, listen to my song,
It will not take you very long,
'Tis right to spend a little breath
Upon the subject called Death."

The poet afterwards published a volume of poems which attained great local celebrity. Old Mr. Roberts, the Rector, read one of them at the Penny Reading. His *chef d'œuvre* had been a "Prayer to his Mother in Heaven," some verses of which, lingering in the old lady's memory, she recited. They were of the most depressing character. The poor young fellow had been soon carried off by a galloping consumption. The rustic poor are for the most part naturally melancholy. They expect to weep and sigh during their sojourn in *hac*

lachrymarum valle, and seem not altogether displeased that it should be so. It affords them a kind of refreshment, an abundant supply of which, indeed, is ever at hand. Going thro' the vale of misery they use it for a well and the pools are filled with water.

Out of this world of melancholy the characters of Mr. Jacks' book, Shoemaker Hankin, and Snarley Bob, and Shepherd Toller, emerge. The chief figure in the book is the mystic, Snarley Bob. He throws a startling light on what may be the secret religious thoughts of many among the inarticulate "lapsed masses." In considering the religion of the English peasant many things have to be remembered. The Methodist movement may be looked upon as the origin of present-day English peasant Christianity. It dates from that, it goes back to that. John Wesley was the true "apostle" of the English country side. The Oxford movement (I write as one whose sympathies are altogether with it) has never become popular. In the country districts one is bound to say it has been a disturbing influence. Mr. Jacks' book contains abundant evidence of this. "You might as well be in a concert hall," says Farmer Perryman; "the place full o' chairs, and smellin' o' varnish enough to make you sick, and a lot o' lads in the chancel dressed up in white gowns, suckin' sweets and chuckin' paper pellets at one another's head all thro' the sermon." How well I know this scene! I know, too, the uneasy look with which some white-headed old farmer (too quiet-going and friendly with the parson to say much) will watch from his place the dropping of the wax into the padella of the altar candlesticks. Candles at mid-day are the height of absurdity and wicked waste to the rustic mind. "I think they may be all very well in towns," a small working farmer once ruefully admitted to me. Farmer Perryman could not be happy because he missed the smell of damp and dust that came "from the old tomb" in the unrestored church. The substitution of Mass for the old-fashioned Morning Prayer has been a sore grief and bewilderment to the intensely conservative, slow-moving rustic mind in many places—a grief and bewilderment which may afford us some measure of the greatness of the original change when Morning Prayer was substituted for Mass.

It has always seemed to me that Dean Church's "Village Sermons" show great understanding of what is likely to be acceptable to the old-fashioned serious rustic mind. He is, no doubt, "Catholic," but this is never obtruded; indeed, in the technical sense it is hardly perceptible. He deals with the solid serious things which the peasant expects to hear about in Church. Another great Tractarian, Dr. Neale, writes sarcastically in his book on "Medieval Preachers" about finding in the Rector's pew in a country church a time-worn sermon headed, "On the Vanity and Uncertainty of Human Life." To the poet with his head full of the bright imagery of Catholic devotion the theme would seem dull and trite enough, but there is no doubt that this subject, beyond all others, would receive the respectful attention of a village congregation.

This book shows that while it has come about that the English rustic is without the scenery and atmosphere of religion, he sometimes preserves its essence in an astonishing way. To the superficial observer all his thoughts seem limited to material things, bounded by the confines of this mortal life. His talk about "the Lord seein him 'thro'" and the like appears to refer solely to recovery from illness or the care of his family. "I've got my time over," he will say at the last, or, if exceptionally cheerful and prosperous, "I've had my innin's." "What's the good o' prayer now?" says Snarley Bob; "it's all over. It's too late, and I don't want it." Yet this same Snarley Bob was on terms of intimacy with an Invisible Companion whom he called "the Shepherd" and "the Master" which "go beyond the extremest reaches of authentic mysticism." I will not spoil this story for the reader by telling it. Anything more extraordinary I have never read, and it has all the air of being a transcript from life. Personally, I do not disbelieve the objective truth of the story. I remember some words of Dr. Whyte about the Visions of St. Theresa: "I do not know. He never manifests Himself to me. But He said—If any man love me he will keep my words and I will manifest myself to him." It must be remembered that the Person to whom these experiences relate lived with shepherds, vine-dressers, fishermen, carpenters; He knew their lives and drew His teachings from

their crafts and trades, and promised to be with them all the days. I suspect that among shy, reticent, inarticulate people, shepherds of Bethlehem or fishers of Gennesareth, the sense of this invisible companionship may be much more frequent than is at all supposed. I myself heard last Good Friday something which startled me by the simplicity and naiveté of the faith it displayed. But of these things one must not write. It is at least possible that in what seems the dull under-world of the English peasant, far from the world of those who do and know, the world of Julian, of Lionardo, of Peter the Great, of the achievements of the navigator, and the sculptor, and the aviator, in their hard-faring lives of necessary toil, the poor in spirit may possess the Kingdom of Heaven.

CURÉ DE CAMPAGNE.

A CRITICAL TRIO.*

If any student of the new age wants to see how the Victorians were viewed by themselves, he must read "The Literature of the Victorian Era," by Professor Walker. When an Italian visited England in the fifteenth century, he said that the princes of England were wool merchants. After a perusal of Mr. Walker we feel that books must have been the predominant industry of England in the nineteenth century, and that every publisher was a prince. Our chronicler travels about, like another Froissart, from court to court. The princes are all affability. They exhibit to him their respective lions—some of them very notorious wild fowl indeed, and he accepts them at the trade valuation. It is very fine as contemporary chronicle, but it will not help the pioneers of the future much in their endeavors to clear a way through the forest—ought we not to call it the jungle?—of Victorian letters, from which we have so recently safely emerged. Mr. Walker tells us that the forest was peopled with giants, and that the fruits thereof were as prodigious as those which the spies of the children of Israel brought back from the promised land. To those who sympathise with this point of view and agree with the sincere belief of so many Victorians that the supreme happiness was to be sought between the covers of books and in the courtyards of publishers, we commend Mr. Walker's book without reservation of any kind. It is to the ordinary history of literature what an Ordnance Survey is to a bookstall map. It clearly represents the work of many years, it covers a large stretch of country for the first time, and it constitutes a work of reference to the authors of the last two or three generations. There is no lack of contours. Where the book fails, if we can fairly use such a word in regard to a book that achieves so much, is in conveying a general idea of the relief of the country surveyed. Mr. Walker seems to have been too much in earnest to go carefully into the question of arrangement. A seemingly interminable road stretched out in front of him, and he has toiled over it conscientiously, ticking off the milestones, without thinking so very much about the stopping places or stages of his pilgrimage. He tells us an enormous amount that we knew already about Tennyson and Browning, Scott and Carlyle, Dickens and Thackeray. But he also tells us much that nobody else had taken the trouble to investigate about the author of "Paul Ferrol," W. N. Glascock, Max Müller, Sara Coleridge, W. B. Rands, that "most distinguished female Egyptologist," Amelia Blandford Edwards, Ernest Charles Jones, Robert Barnabas Brough, Charles Jeremiah Wells, Menella B. Smedley, R. W. Dixon, George Brimley, Frederick Chamier, John Stanyan Bigg, Catherine Gore, the Lushingtons, Henry and Franklin—the moths of the library, the creeping things of the bookstall, and all the ghosts that haunt the book antiquary, all are represented. Mr. Walker has gone over them bare-footed, has read them, read all about them, re-read them, and then written them up and down. He is a Victorian martyr, and the Marian persecution pales before the agonies he has undergone. One cannot read his philosophy without seeing

* "The Literature of the Victorian Era." By Hugh Walker. LL.D. Cambridge University Press. 10s. net.

"American Prose Masters." By W. C. Brownell. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.

"An Introduction to the Study of Literature." By William Henry Hudson. Harrap. 5s.

that he is obsessed by that old Victorian grumbler, Giant Doubt, yet as a literary critic he is the most catholic and orthodox of the faithful. The reader may feel aggrieved now and then at what seems almost an omission. Why, for instance, should the author of "Satan" be chosen, and William Cyples, who wrote "Satan Restored," left? Personally, we could have welcomed that most elfin of Canons and Lamb-editors, yclept Ainger, or that most original of travellers and navigators and bird-lovers, Charles Waterton. But we are convinced that these are not oversights. Good and weighty reasons might be adduced by Mr. Walker for any such omissions. Whenever we have brought rushlights of our own construction to bear upon his stupendous mass of Victorianism, we have been humiliated and abashed by the cubic superiority of his information. Such persistent and single-minded exploration deserves something beyond the critic taster's heaped-up praise. If these Victorian books are the earthly treasures that Mr. Walker describes them, his reward is of this world.

His book's appearance coincides with that of two volumes to the critical value of which it may be convenient to draw attention here. The first is "American Prose Masters," by the author of "Victorian Prose Masters," Professor W. C. Brownell, who is prone to regard existing reputations with a sense of misgiving foreign in the extreme to the mind of Mr. Walker. Few English critics would allow themselves to be exasperated to the extent of saying such sharp things about Hawthorne as Mr. Brownell does. He concludes that Hawthorne cared nothing for live people; his characters are mere illustrations. His mysticism, again, was not temperamental but deliberate and cold-blooded. The intellectual life of America in Poe's and Hawthorne's time was too meagre to provide substance sufficient for the imagination, which needs to be sustained by reality. They were thrown back accordingly upon the fancy, which can feed upon a more vapory and attenuated diet. Having exhausted his thunders upon Emerson and Hawthorne, Mr. Brownell emerges from the dark critical cloud, and beams with suffused sunshine upon—whom do you think? Fenimore Cooper! His book, which may almost be said to mark an epoch in American self-criticism, is uncommonly well worth reading.

The same applies to the well-written "Introduction to the Study of Literature" of another professional critic, Mr. W. H. Hudson. Mr. Hudson, who thinks nothing of addressing an audience of a thousand on such topics, writes as one having authority upon such hard matters as Literature as a social product, the chronological and comparative methods of study, literary biography, its use and abuse, the study of style as an index of personality, the nature and functions of criticism, and the problem of literary valuation. He is strong both in exposition and illustration, and his technique is so vigorous that we can rarely conscientiously escape his well-pondered conclusions. It is seldom that we encounter so well-organised a book.

A NOVEL OF SCIENCE AND FAITH.*

It is impossible for those English readers who were first attracted to Madame Marcelle Tinayre by her "Maison du Péché" to miss any of her following works, even though here and there she may disappoint them. For not only has she the beautiful French style which is ever old and ever new—clear and grave, with something of Renan's feeling and sonority—but she is a thinker of subtle quality, and an artist to whom a problem of life is inseparable from propriety and fineness of form. Her latest novel, "L'Ombre de l'Amour," has passages which will keenly revive this pleasure, and a theme which in some degree repeats the intention of her earlier book. Madame Tinayre is by no means torn between the old faith and the new; but she is intellectually absorbed in their conflict, and she writes of it, not in detachment from one point of view or the other, but with Renan's sympathy for the Church she has left, and with more than Renan's appreciation of the problems of life and conduct that the great severance involves.

* "L'Ombre de l'Amour." Par Marcelle Tinayre. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50.

She is a sensuous writer; her susceptibility to sex runs in a slightly morbid vein. "L'Ombre de l'Amour" is certainly morbid in touches, or in parts of its texture. But it is eminently a serious book; it is a study of life on all sides, and particularly of that terribly puzzling business, the effort of modern science to construct a meliorist social system, and to force the wayward and ignorant human forces to work it, or let themselves be worked by it, for their own and the general good. Thus Dr. Cayrol, the Positivist doctor, of Monadouze, in the department of the Lot, is a great eugenist. Tenderly and energetically philanthropic, and also clear-sighted, he cares for the bodies and souls of his people, much in the same practical fashion as the Curé, though with widely different purposes.

"These two men, lately so hostile, had learned to respect each other over their meetings by the bedside of the sick. Sons of peasants, and remaining peasants in spite of the cassock and the doctor's degree, they had the same love for well-pruned trees, well-cultivated fields, and well-grown cattle; and, while they remained, in theory, implacable enemies, in practice they were at one in the effort to succour misery and set wrong right. They were optimists, one through the love of man, the other through the love of God. They believed that the sum of good was greater than the sum of evil, although suffering and error were inseparable from the lot of man; for personal experience had shown them the blemishes of body and of soul. They knew that you must not ask too much of man, especially of poor peasants. Neither the grapes of Canaan, nor the heroic virtues, could ripen on that thankless soil, beneath the narrow skies of Monadouze. Hard was the earth, hard the climate, and hard the hearts—yet, not all the hearts. A kind soul, a tuft of fresh green corn, were enough to make Cayrol and Barbazon believe in the beauty of life. Realists to the core, devoted, above everything, to the duty of the hour, they had the same love for this little bit of France, this little people, who craved their moral and material help."

But the ideals of Curé and doctor essentially conflict, essentially destroy each other. Cayrol, tender-hearted as he is, is for the "elimination of the unfit." The healthy and good should marry, the weak and perverse should die out; a calm, well-mated society should arise, without illusions, fortified by wise physical selections, and severe in its choice of them only to be kind to humanity as a whole. Sentiment, pity, must survive, but it must be divorced from the Catholic-Christian worship of misery and failure, and re-consecrated to the service of the race—of a sane, healthy, balanced humanity. To this devotion Cayrol has trained his daughter Denise—a noble creature, pure, compassionate, and finely wrought. Under his hand she has abandoned her faith, with the traditions and emotions generated during her convent life. She has emerged tolerant and calm, sweetly reasonable, but none the less devoted to the charities and self-effacing duties of practical life. When she goes to mass at Christmastide, she can think sympathetically and even reverently of the old religion and its observances, assured that she herself had attained a firmer, better-grounded faith:—

"Those Christmases at the convent, how well she remembered them—one more than all the rest—that of her fourteenth year, and of her last Communion—the religious ecstasy that had possessed her, the broken sobs and melting tears—and then that wonderful peace of the over-wrought soul, a little sad withal. How strange, how incomprehensible, had all these emotions become to her!

"It was a sort of intoxication of the fancy," she thought, with a certain ironical tenderness for the emotional Denise of other days. She felt no regret, no desire for this 'intoxication,' which she would never know again. Gradually, between her sixteenth and eighteenth year, and without any violent crisis, she had acquired the calm scepticism of Dr. Cayrol. Almost without knowing it, her view of life had been displaced and transformed. Now, without being absolutely hostile, she was more than indifferent to the catholicism of the day, in which, like her father, she discerned a political party lacking the spirit of charity, a collection of dogmas dissociated from morality, at war with the scientific spirit which was fatal to them. She found within her and around her sufficient motive for being just, truthful, pure, and compassionate, for increasing, according to her powers, the sum of good and diminishing the sum of evil. She did not fear suffering; she would not fear old age and death. She felt less need of God than of men, her brethren, with whom she was a partaker of good and evil, and of the mysterious end of life.

"Nevertheless, Denise was happy in church: she did not seek in it any æsthetic enjoyment; only shadow and silence, the odor of the past. Our villages and small towns hardly possess any buildings which are not adapted to material and social life; the meditative nature, remote from libraries, museums, the historic and national monuments, finds no place in them for self-communion, for the development of its spiritual life. Town

halls, prefectures, do not tend to elevation, to thought. But the Church, even when emptied of God, remains the sacred refuge of the ideal, where the sorrows and the hopes of man beat more powerfully than in any other spot in the world."

Suddenly these calm views and rational ideas are broken up. A dying man, stricken with phthisis, young, charming, weak, morbidly sensitive, is brought to her father's house in the hope of a cure to be effected on the edge of the grave. It fails, but the youth falls passionately in love with Denise, his nurse and protectress. He awakens in response, not love, but profound pity and half-motherly devotion, deepening into just that thoughtless tenderness for the lost which the good doctor, by precept if not by example, has taught Denise to set aside. Life, devoid of the old irrational pities, seems to her, in the light of these new emotions, too cold and hard, like the physical world, now ruled by science, which has left it empty of God:—

"God appeared in Heaven, and then the firmament was ablaze with love like the phosphorescent sea. It told the glory of the Creator, and shining hosts of ransomed souls ascended to the infinite azure, where the humblest human petition mingles with the music of the spheres. Man, thinking and feeling man, was no longer alone in the universe. . . . But the time came when man could measure that part of the infinite which was open to his view. He numbered and named the stars, and traversed, with geometrical certainty, the vast interstellar spaces. They were no longer sisters, but slaves, submissive to law, condemned to destruction—and to solitude. In the heavens from which God had vanished like a ghost, reigned death and the void, and the sad music of humanity fell, answerless and echoless, into the silent abyss.

"Denise felt the indifference of nature, where her father felt the throbbing pulse of life. A deathly cold froze her to the very heart, and her eyes turned from the sky back to the tiny gleam behind the shutters, as to a humble symbol of human love."

And pity leads Denise too far, to a tragedy, which leaves her with an unborn child, fruit of a union which to Dr. Cayrol, with his Positivist ideas of healthy, orderly humanity, centred in the family and in careful race-culture, can only seem a blasphemy and an outrage. A child by a consumptive—can it be *his* Denise who has thus sinned against the light? Cayrol, too, worsens or betters his creed; the father forgets the doctrinaire, and Denise is seen safely and tenderly through her trouble. But the child dies; and Denise's rich mother's nature is sunk in its one wild, Quixotic venture. More hapless still is the fate of Fortunade, the pious visionary girl; seeking to redeem the vile, and ruined by the savage beast whose soul she sought to awaken. Neither creed, therefore, would seem to be adequate—neither the old unthinking tenderness, the pure zeal of the Cross, nor the deliberate search after an enlightened society. Humanity has grown out of the one, and is not ripe, may never be ripe, for the other.

Such is Madame Tinayre's new book. Its conclusion is entirely pessimistic; but it is most sympathetically developed, and its artistry is that of an accomplished writer, completely at ease with her subject.

A RUSSIAN DECADENT.*

It was a good idea of Mr. Lowe, the rector of Brisley, Norfolk, to translate three of Andréyev's stories and bring them together under the title of "A Biblical Trilogy." Mr. Lowe's careful Introduction serves to indicate, happily enough, the gulf that separates the Russian decadent from the cautious and compromising judgment of an English audience. "The reader must prepare himself for shocks—shocks to his æsthetic taste—shocks to his religious susceptibilities," says the translator, adding: "Indeed, taste (at all events, from the Englishman's point of view) is, I fear, conspicuous by its absence from most of the works of L. Andréyev; but there is no need to emphasise here this defect by quoting passages which one felt some reluctance even in translating." And he appears to be specially nervous about the effect the most powerful tale of the three, "Eleazar," may have on the clerical mind. "If it be intended for believers in the Gospel—can it please them? If it be meant for the benefit of unbelievers, it reveals nothing, and will only sink them deeper in the slough of

desponding," he predicts. But it is possible, on the contrary, that this strange story, "Eleazar," will deepen the fortitude of a spiritual nature.

In Andréyev's version, as Mr. Lowe points out, Christ is omitted, Eleazar being expressly spoken of "as one who had miraculously risen (*voskressy*), not as one miraculously raised (*voskreshonny*) from the dead." It is for this reason that the name Lazarus disappears, and another, Eleazar, is given to the brother of Martha and Mary. Andréyev takes up the Bible story at the point it is dropped in Scripture. "Thus with the face of a corpse, over which death had reigned in darkness for three days, in sumptuous wedding garments, grave and silent, fearfully changed and peculiar (though that was not yet acknowledged by anyone), he sat at the feast amongst his friends and relatives." In the grave Eleazar had become obese. His body retained traces of swelling, fetor, and decomposition, his fingers were clay-blue; though in process of time these signs of death faded somewhat, they never disappeared altogether. Eleazar sat silent at the feast, but at last some heedless friend could not restrain his curiosity, and asked, "Why dost thou not tell us, Eleazar, what it was like there?" All were silent, struck by the question, and they stared curiously at him, waiting for a reply. "Thou dost not wish to tell us?" asked the questioner, in wonderment. "Was it so dreadful there?" and at that very moment the questioner's own heart contracted with unendurable terror. All became uneasy, and with anguish they waited for Eleazar's words; but he kept silent, cold, and grave, with his eyes cast down. Gradually, little by little, it is noticed that the people on whom Eleazar fixed his eyes do not seem to see the sun. Sometimes such a one would suddenly cry out, and rave to others for help, but more often he would be stricken quietly and mysteriously, and be for long a-dying before the eyes of all, like a tree that withers away on stony soil. So Eleazar soon is deserted by everybody, without any friend to care for him. The longest to stay is Martha, but she also, after weeping and praying, silently rises one night, and dresses herself, and quietly departs from her brother's house that stood on the edge of the wind-swept desert.

In his five brief opening pages, which we have condensed into one, Andréyev thus frees the boundary of that "instinctive consciousness of the limitations of genius" which Mr. Lowe thinks "has hitherto withheld novelists from attempting to relate the history of Lazarus after his resurrection." The dreadful fame of Eleazar spreads through the land, and brings to his door philosophers and warriors and priests from afar, curious to match their courage and powers of endurance against his silent gaze, but one and all go back altered men, with the same terrible shadow chilling their blood. Among others, one day comes a famous Roman sculptor who asks if he may pass the night in Eleazar's house. The sculptor boasts of his power of creation, of giving life to the inanimate marble and bronze, and in reply Eleazar touches him with his hand. In the morning the slave waits, but his master does not come. He searches for him till mid-day, and then finds him in the desert, sitting side by side with Eleazar under the burning rays of the sun, gazing straight up into the sky. The slave weeps and cries aloud. "My lord, what is the matter with thee? My lord?" When the sculptor, frightfully changed, returns to Rome, all he will say to his friends is, "I have found it," and he sets to work and creates an image so monstrous, so unfamiliar to human thought, that his best-loved friend destroys it with two blows of the hammer, leaving only an exquisitely chiselled butterfly, sculptured on the base. And nothing else will the great sculptor create. At length the divine Augustus sends for Eleazar—but this powerful passage it would be folly to mar by any bald abridgment.

The longest and most ambitious story, "Judas," is typically Russian. It says very little for the originality of fifty generations of theologians that nobody has succeeded in giving, or, indeed, attempted to give, a new reading of Judas's character, or to construe his motives on lines not familiarised in the outline offered by the Gospels. Andréyev has certainly shown much ingenuity and daring in his interpretation of "the very complex character of Judas"; but is it not psychologically too arbitrary to satisfy the imagination? Mr. Lowe does not, apparently, think so, and his own analysis of the Russian author's character study

* "Judas Iscariot: A Biblical Trilogy." By L. N. Andréyev. Translated from the Russian by W. H. Lowe. Griffiths. 5s. net.

is so lucid that we specially commend it to the attention of our readers. We quote a passage:—

"The absorbing theme of interest throughout the drama is the love of Judas for Jesus, and his jealous desire to be first in His affections; which culminates in madness, and the consequent betrayal of his beloved Master to death, and his own 'free death' (as Nietzsche calls suicide), in order that whither He is gone, he may follow Him—not 'hereafter,' but at once.

"The motive most commonly imputed to Judas is avarice.

"The second supposition—that Judas wished to force his Master into avowing Himself to be the Messiah—seems much more probable. L. Andréyev's is a modification of this latter view. He would make it appear that jealousy of Peter and John was the final cause of the betrayal. Judas loved Jesus intensely; more courageously than Peter, more passionately than John. Hence he could not bear to take an inferior place in his Master's affections. Towards the end of our Lord's life upon earth, even the apostles seem to have desponded of the immediate establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven. Hence the Kingdom of Heaven began already to be looked upon as belonging to a Future State. The struggle between the apostles was to be 'first' in the Kingdom of Heaven. Judas is represented here as having thought that the first to enter the unseen world after Jesus would secure the first place in dignity. And so—utterly insane as he had now become—he causes Jesus to be put to death, and then, by hanging himself, assures his own arrival in the Kingdom of Heaven, immediately after Him. The mad self-complacency of Judas after the Crucifixion is very finely depicted."

It is, however, the shattering force of insanity in Judas's brain that weakens the psychological value of the study, and Andréyev has obviously derived the material of his character sketch, not from his individual insight, but from the illustration of Nietzsche's case. The doctrine of "the pale criminal" and the triumph of the Superman peeps out from Judas's acts and sayings, and this highly composite literary blend smells too much of the lamp, and, altogether, is less convincing than, say, a character sketch by Gorky. Apart from this central defect, the mental atmosphere of the apostles is drawn with malicious skill. A Russian, indeed, has one advantage as an imaginative critic of apostolic society; before his eyes is the primitive communal organisation of peasant life, one fairly akin to that in which the tenets of Christ struck root and developed. Again, the Russian knows little of that "cement of hypocrisy" which is developed in European society far beyond the point reached by the Jewish scribes and pharisees. Human nature for the Russian is always a rich amalgam of mixed motives, and the most egoistic instincts and appetites, avowed without much shame, are discussed with charity. Accordingly the apostles are severely handled, and, grotesquely enough, John is made to repel us more than the crude-brained criminal, Judas.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

MENTAL healing is the subject discussed by Dr. Horatio W. Dresser in "A Message to the Well, and Other Essays and Letters on the Art of Health" (Putnam's, 5s. net). The rise of Christian Science in the United States has encouraged the growth of a number of doctrines which, if not actually opposed to that of the Christian Scientists, contain well-marked modifications of their tenets. One of the latest of these is the Emmanuel movement started by Dr. Worcester; and it is to the examination of this movement, and to its comparison with others, that the present author devotes certain of these essays, addressing himself in the remainder to the general principles of spiritual therapeutics which he has evolved out of a long study of the subject. The Emmanuel movement is described as being "in large part a protest against the identification of therapeutic with religio-metaphysical doctrines, such as Christian Science." It is careful not to ignore the facts of nature; the "true mind cure," as the author observes in "The Educational Art of Health," one of the most interesting of the twelve essays, "consists in using your wits to further the processes of nature, by removing nervous tension, allaying fear, thinking and willing in co-operation with restorative processes." In suggesting that the chief end of the therapists' propaganda is to educate a patient so that he may evolve for himself a helpful attitude of mind suited to his individual temperament and requirements, Dr. Dresser takes a reasonable line—indeed, the only safe one. As is inevitable in a book of this class, there is a good deal of nebulous talking round a nebulous subject; but the work has definite value as an exposition of the various off-shoots of Christian Science,

as they are known and practised in the States, and the author's personal attitude to the subject is sane, in that it maintains the balance between the materialism of medical science and the spiritual problems of faith-healing and will power. The volume is the fifteenth of a series of philosophical works by Dr. Dresser.

In "Primitive Paternity" (Nutt, 2 vols., 18s. net) the eminent anthropologist, Mr. Edwin Sidney Hartland, has made a learned and carefully-arranged collection of mankind's primitive customs and beliefs in regard to sex and marriage. His central object is to explain the innumerable stories and doctrines about supernatural births that are to be found in every part of the world, and even in advanced stages of civilisation. A large part of his work is occupied with the peculiar forms of magic that are resorted to with the object of obtaining children, and are still common in various parts of Europe and our own country. In the same volume is one especially interesting chapter on "Mother-right," and the widespread custom which regards the mother as the sole parent of the child. By a further development of this right, as the present reviewer has known, many Central African tribes regard children as the property of the mother's brother, though in some cases the father can redeem them by payment. It all sounds strange, but in reality it is less strange than the predominant English legal view that the father is the sole parent, unless the child is illegitimate. "Father-right" and marital jealousy are, it is claimed, customs or passions of slow and recent growth. Perhaps, however, the conclusion that will appear strangest to most readers is the author's demonstration that in the early stages of mankind, and among some uncivilised peoples of the present day, the connection between sex and reproduction is either unknown or regarded as unimportant. The theory has been gradually gaining ground among anthropologists, and Mr. Hartland has now established it almost beyond question. The whole work is a most valuable contribution to this important side of human history.

PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON'S "Darwinism and Human Life" (Melrose, 5s. net) contains a series of lectures delivered in South Africa, which aim "to explain the gist of Darwinism" and to indicate the progress made towards a solution of the problems of organic evolution since Darwin's day. Each of the six lectures deals with a different topic, such as "The Struggle for Existence," "The Facts of Inheritance," or "Selection: Organic and Social." The last of these discusses what Professor Thomson calls "the dilemma of civilisation," or, in other words, the difficulty raised by the fact that though we have largely got rid of the yoke of natural selection, we have not been able to put an equally effective social selection into operation. Professor Thomson looks for a solution of the problem on eugenic lines, and urges the importance of eugenic development "lest we become involved in some terrible inter-societary struggle." The book, which is admirably suited to those who have but a slight knowledge of biological science, ends with a bibliography of representative works on Darwinism.

OUT of the original "Life" of Elizabeth Fry in two volumes, written by her daughters, the family journals of the Gurneys and Frys, and Augustus Hare's "Gurneys of Earlham," Miss Georgina King Lewis has constructed a short but readable account of the famous Quakeress, preacher and missionary, whose work was famous throughout this country and the Continent during the first part of the nineteenth century (Headley, Brothers, 3s. 6d. net). Mrs. Fry's successful efforts to ameliorate the terrible prison system of those days are concisely described in these pages, and the description has a special interest at the present time, when the existing legal and penal code is being subjected to severe scrutiny.

"THE EDINBURGH REVIEW" contains a good centenary article on Oliver Wendell Holmes, in which justice is done to that delightful writer's verse and fiction, as well as to his essays. The poem called "Old Ironsides" is described as one of which "any poet would be proud to be the author,"

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